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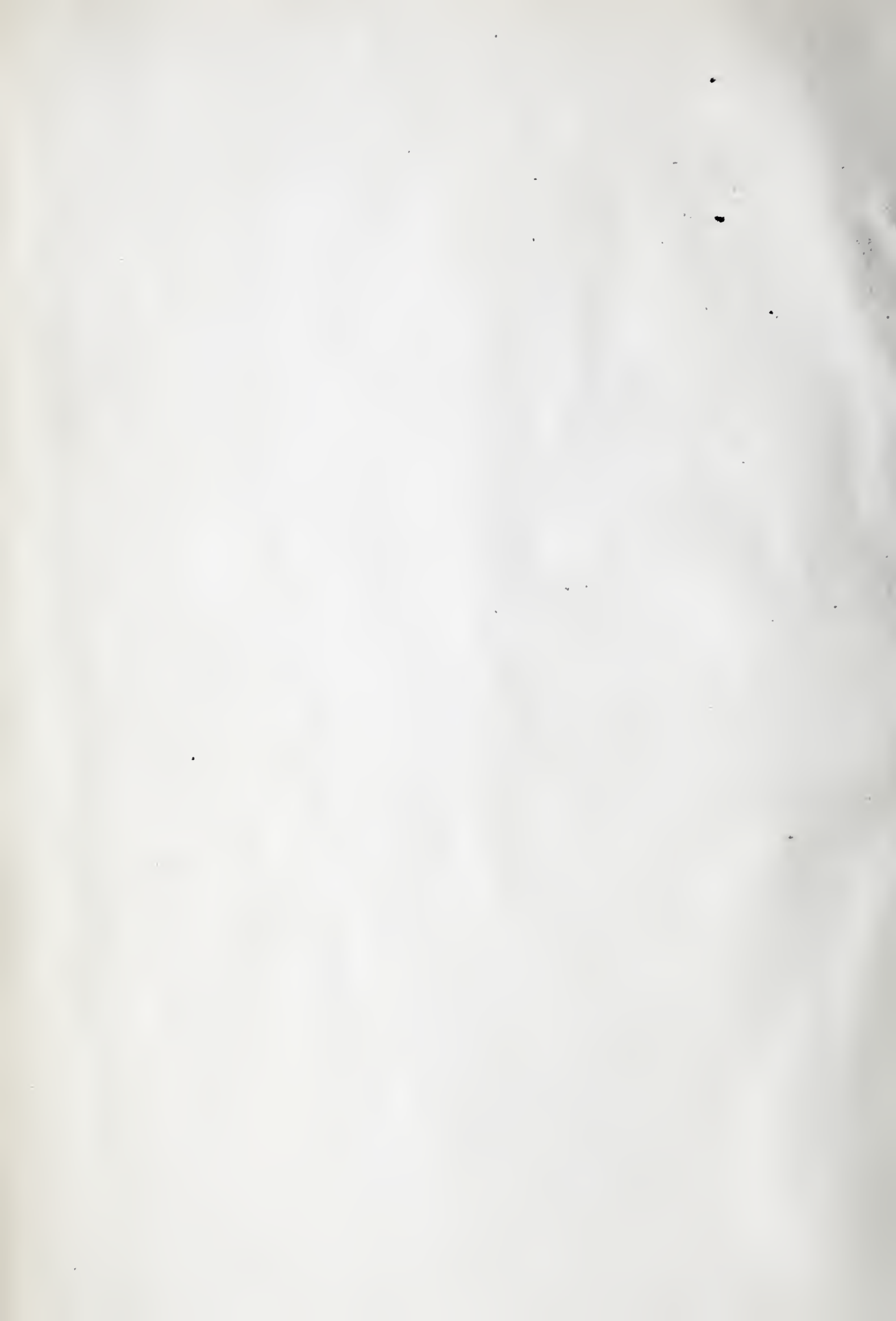
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The M'Kean Miner.

TERMS. \$2 00 in Advance.

SMETHPORT, DEC. 28, 1867.

SKETCH OF THE HILL SCENERY SURROUNDING SMETHPORT.

BY O. J. HAMLIN.

I propose to write a little gossip, not about the neighbors, but about the hills, the hills of our own nativeland, the hills by which our little town is surrounded; as they appear in the autumn season of the year. Go with me in imagination to the summit of the rise of ground west of the Borough, stand by the road side and look down the valley, and beyond the village toward the valley of the Nun-un-dah, (Potatoe creek) and the hill range beyond, take in the whole panoramic view at a glance, and then view the outlines more at leisure; first look at the hill range at your right, a long range extending for many miles along the south of Marvin creek valley, and terminating before you in the valley of the Nun-un-dah. It rises from the valley at first very gradual and forms a gentle slope. On this slope are cultivated fields and houses, interspersed with patches of forest trees and shrubs, Higher up it rises faster and the grade is steeper, all forest now; then another steeper grade still and you gain the summit, and are six hundred feet above the level of Marvin; the summit is narrow in the main, only little more than room for a wagon road, Sometimes, however, it may be found widened and forms a plateau; when you pass the summit to the other side, it descends the same as it rises on this side, but both sides are very irregular in their formation, no two alike, a constant change of outline, presenting bold projections, or slight undulations, ever varying, the projections casting their shadows along the hill side, changing the apparent color of the forest foliage and making an agreeable illusion; you may imagine it a giant's shadow in the distance. These hill ranges are peculiar and unique.

No other country I ever saw produces such hills. They are more miniature Mountains than hills, to coin a word, they are mountainettes, often in long continuous range of many miles, then a narrow valley then a stream of water, and then another range of hills, and so on for all the surrounding country to a great distance on all sides: probably a hundred miles in length by sixty miles in breadth. If one could get into a balloon and start from one of their summits, and go up a few hundred feet towards the clouds and look around him, he would see spread beneath and around what would look like *a sea of forests*, the hill tops representing the combs of the waves, and the valleys the troughs of the billows.— Only think, an ocean of forest, which you take in by the eye at a glance, seen in all the grandeur and sublimity of nature's own creative power: As you look around, the eye tries in vain to see where the view terminates; as you look around hill range rise after hill range, intervening valley after intervening valley, as waves rise up and roll on, one wave after another until all is mingled and blended into one interminable ocean of wilderness; except that you would now and then see in the valley or on the side hills a cultivated farm and its tenements, looking like small islands dotted about in the ocean of endless foliage, spread out before you.

Except also several large tracts of table lands of many miles in circuit cultivated and divided off into farms and fields with orchards and farm houses, over one of these upland levels might be seen the clanking whizzing railroad locomotive making the adjoining forest vocal, and startling the deer browsing therein with the reverberating voice of its shrill whistle as it wends its way to the coal mines; a good field glass would also show a line of telegraph poles and its wires shooting off the intelligence it conveys to our Borough which claims the dignity among Towns of being the County seat or capitol of the County.

Now if you descend and once more stand on *terra firma* at our first stand-point and take another look at the hill range to your right you will see that it is mainly clothed

with a dense growth of large timber, among which the sombre somewhat gloomy and dark green leaved hemlock (the American fir tree of the Botanist) largely predominates. They are tall, straight and majestic rearing their pyramidal heads far above the others and their neighboring brethren of the forest and standing like tall beacons in the sunlight casting their lengthened shadows far over the landscape, even reaching the valley beneath. Interspersed with them are very many ~~deciduous~~ ^{deciduous} trees of much less pretensions in their size and height, but far surpassing them in the beauty of their foliage.

On the summit of this range, at the eastern extremity just where it begins to fall off toward the valley of the Nunundah, is the wild, weird looking place called, in the rough language of the early settlers, the "Devil's den." But allow me to suggest for it a more euphonic name, and call it the *Demon's home*; and well may it be imagined the home of the bad spirit, for it is a collection of high rocks and broken fragments piled promiscuously by the careless hand of nature in a confused and mingled mass, underneath the largest of which is a small cave, in which the Demon may be supposed to hide and repose himself by day, and coming out by night to roam about seeking whom he may next devour.

Before you take a view of the left-hand range, turn around and look toward the west. You see spread before you *Sleepy Hollow, Junior*, that of Washington Irving's luxurious fancy being *Sleepy Hollow, Senior*, a quiet and pleasant little valley divided into farms, interspersed with farm-houses, barns and orchards, those certain evidences of American industry and thrift. Look to the western extremity of this pretty hill-bound valley and you see the stage road as it wends its way up the hill towards Alton. To the right of the road, as it winds up the ascent, you see a high, conical hill raising its tall peak gradually towards the clouds. At the summit of this hill, which may be reached by a winding foot-path, is a remarkable rock called in the rough vernacular the "Devil's temple." I suggest that this name also

would be shorn of its harshness by calling it *The Demon's Temple Rock*. It is a ponderous fragment of an immense rock which nearly or quite covers the summit of the hill peak; the fragment as large as a church having been in one of those convulsive throes of nature, severed from its parent rock and left standing as a monument of Nature's power.

The top of the rock can be reached by falling a large tree against its perpendicular side and climbing up to the summit, or by spanning the chasm of about fifty feet by a tree felled horizontally. The Temple rock is an oblong square, and underneath one side of the Table Rock is a small sloping cave from the centre of which issues a large spring of deliciously clear and cool water. This Temple is a fitting place to have been selected by one of the Orgies of Dante's *Inferno* for the worship of his Satanic Majesty: and as demons are believed to be fiery spirits, the Demon of this Temple would find an admirable fountain in the spring under the rock to slake his thirst. This Temple has a lonely site, being surrounded on all sides except the east by an extensive forest of densely growing woods; on the east it is within half a mile of the skirt of the hollow. Its immediate surroundings are tall hemlocks and with an undergrowth of laurel so that the foliage in all of the darkest hne, or this rock would be a strange place to spend a night, witness the rising of the sun at morning. At night he would be surrounded by gloomy forests, out of hearing of the human voice, or seeing any sign of civilization; he would sometimes be startled by the sharp barking of a fox, perhaps by the snarling of the wild cat, and anon by the hideous howl of the wolf who on some distant hill top was calling to one of its companions prowling in some swamp perhaps far distant; after a while he would finally be treated to a serenade from a fatherly or motherly old owl, who, high up in a distant treetop monotonously and mournfully repeated his continuously reiterated who, —who— who! and another whooting owl would answer him from his perch upon another tree perhaps a mile distant. Looking around guess to where the monotonous

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music came from, the tenant of the rock might possibly see the fiery glaring eyes of some Panther as he lay crouched upon the large branch of a tree near at hand, watching for a luckless deer or other animal who might happen to pass near enough to be within reach of his fatal bound; when one spring of the monster would end the days of the luckless animal destined to make a meal for this Cougar of the forest. The rock bound tenant in time might become drowsy, possibly sleep, soon to be awakened by an unearthly screech from another owl of a different species, far off in the woods, whose frightful screech seemed to be made for no other purpose than to see how near it could imitate the cry of a woman in agony screaming in her frantic efforts to save an endangered child. The lonely Tenant would find it a long, weary night and often wish and perhaps pray for the coming day. When it did dawn and show its dimly shadowed light around him, he might notice a crackling made in the dry underbrush by a deer which had risen from his lair, and was searching about amongst the under wood to browse ^{for} ~~his~~ ^{for} its breakfast, and might hear the ~~noise~~ ^{note} sing of the wild birds; he might see the awkward limping rabbit ambling in the next cluster of laurels, or hear the whir of the pheasant on the wing as it passed him.— When the sun had risen and gilded the valley with its brilliant rays of light, if he rises from his rocky couch and can find a vista through the tree-tops, he would see beneath and beyond him the quiet nook of Sleepy Hollow, lying gracefully and calmly reposing like a coy maiden sleeping in her unconscious beauty, and possibly a glimpse of the village beyond. Soon he would see the farmers moving about in different directions attending to their different domestic avocations; looking across the valley he might see a lean thief of a carion crow as it flew lazily, flapping its slow wings over the fields and crying "Caw—caw—caw!" as it sought the neighboring woods to hide or eat some treasure it had plundered from the farmer's garner or barn-yard; and perhaps a flock of nimble black birds or blue jays, retreating from

some foraging expedition on one of the corn-fields. When the sun was fully up and had bathed the whole valley in light, the scene might be crowned by the exhibition of a large hawk, nearly the size of an eagle, beginning its circle over the centre of the hollow, far above the hill tops, in the air and slowly circling around, extending that circle, until it embraced the whole extent of the valley in its circuit and had reached in its aerial flight from hill top to hill top and gone up—up—up—until it was nearly lost to human vision, as it upward soared to greet the rising sun.

And now if our hero of the Temple rock can safely descend from his eyrie like lodging place, reach the ground and thank his guiding star for his deliverance, he will, very likely be "*homeward bound*," dreamingly musing as he trudges along, that Sleepy Hollow would be a fitting place, in which the Fairies and ~~Elves~~ might hold their midnight revels and dance by the light of the harvest moon.

Sleepy hollow was by some of the early settlers, named "Poverty hollow," by way of derision. This was an unmistakable misnomer, as it is as productive a valley as there is in all the country around.

Resuming our former stand-point and looking toward the east, we see Marvin Creek in the basin of the valley with its silvery sheet of water winding its way towards its junction with the Nunundah. First to the left of it comes a narrow flat lowland, then the first bench, or more properly first slow rise of upland, as it gradually rises toward the hill at our left, half a mile or more wide and a mile or more in length; on this first grade is stationed the village, its white houses with their roofs, steeples, and cupolas of the churches, and public buildings shimmering in the flickering sunshine; back of the village the hill side of cleared fields takes a second and steeper rise, then again a third and still steeper grade until the fields reach near the summit of the hill, save that the highest grade is mostly wood land, as it approaches the summit; that summit being mainly covered with tall evergreen trees, interspersed by patches only covered by under wood. This hill next the village

forms a central curve, scooped out in the form of an amphitheatre, covering three fourths of the hill-side. At the right hand extremity of the summit of this hill, at its highest elevation and more than six hundred feet above the level of the valley, stands a clump of about a dozen tall pines, looming up and raising their pointed tops an hundred and fifty feet above the hill top. They can be seen as a land-mark from miles of distance from different stand-points of the surrounding country.

Beyond those tall trees, the hill top begins to descend: first slowly, then rapidly and steeper and steeper until it reaches down nearly to the waters of the Nunundah, at a place called the Dug-way or narrows. Those tall pines stand among their neighboring trees as Napoleon the 1st was said to stand among men,—alone, "grand, gloomy, solitary and peculiar." They have lived while twenty generations of human beings have been born, lived, passed over their stages of human existence and gone to the spirit land. When Columbus discovered this continent, those trees were seedlings, just starting from the earth on their journey of life; when Luther was preaching that religious reformation in Germany, which caused more commotion in the religious world than any political revolution in after times, those Trees were yet young. When Shakspeare was tripping across the fields to visit Anne Hathaway at her mother's cottage on the lawn near Stratford on the Avon, and the Earl of Leicester was holding his revels at Kenilworth Castle, with Queen Elizabeth and her court for his guests, those trees were still young. When the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock and planted their colony on its sterile soil, although they brought with them more sectarianism and intolerance than agrees with the ideas of the modern liberal mind, yet they adopted and carried out those habits of prudence, industry, indomitable energy and unyielding self reliance which have established for them and their successors a name among People and an exalted position among the Nations of the earth,—those trees were in their primal vigor. When the intelligent, amiable and

gentlemanly John Keating, Esq., (long since deceased) but then in the vigor of his manhood, first saw them while visiting as landed proprietor of these hills and these valleys, those trees had hardly began to grow old. They have lived through our old war with the French in Canada, our war in the Revolution, and a second war with England, our Mexican war and our final struggle with and victory over the Southern rebellion; and had they the gift of sight and the power of speech they could tell us all about the unwritten history of these surroundings,—when the red man was lord of the ascendant over these *his* hunting grounds, when the pale faces first began to make their lodgments here and of their early sacrifices, privations and trials in changing this wilderness into cultivated fields and making it the abode of civilization, refinement, and comfortable homes for themselves and their descendants: But they have not those gifts and must remain while they live, the silent witness of ages that are passed, never to return.

Those noble trees are now old, and must finally yield to the gnawing tooth of time. Probably, by the close of the present century, their bodies will lie prostrate upon the earth. They will die; but not die unmourned. Near by them stands a little grove of youngling pines, and when those venerable old Trees are dead, the younglings will be old enough to sing their *requiem* in the language of sighs, as the wind gently and gracefully bends their young boughs while it moves fondly toying with, and embracing their tiny leaves on its way as it passes over the hill top.

Now let us look over the village and beyond the valley to the eastern hill range. It is different from the others, being broader, higher and as a whole formed on a more grand and imposing scale. At the left of it we see an opening among the hills; that is another small valley through which courses from the upland height a streamlet, threading its way around sharp points and bold bluffs to mingle its tributary waters with the Nunundah: we see the little glen in its whole course from the source of the streamlet to its mouth, and the projecting hill sides as they rise to their summits.—

Those projecting hills are irregular; some angular, some ~~conical~~, some pyramidal and others rise with an irregular broad slope gradually to their summits, like the broad slope of a mountain at its base; they as a whole may be imagined to resemble, on a miniature scale, the mountain scenery of the Alps. Near the top of the broad slope to the right of the rivulet is a clearing with a house and barn on it, called Prospect hill. From this stand point is obtained one of the best views of distant hill scenery in this vicinity. Summer excursionists frequently resort there, provided with a field glass or telescope to take a birds-eye survey of its surroundings. From this point they see the valley of the Nunundah for many miles up and down lying quietly before them, with the picturesque scenery of smooth water, cleared farms and their buildings, little islands that look as specks on the shining water. They also see the village distinctly and a perfect view of the whole length of Main Street, with teams and carriages passing and repassing with people going to and fro as inclination or business may require. They may also see by the aid of the glass many distant points, as Bunker Hill Teutonia, Turtle Point, Farmers' Valley &c., in short, a large portion of the surrounding country for ten to fifteen miles of distance:

Here we may freely breathe the mountain air,
And view the landscape from afar;
May feel the cool zephyr of the summer breeze,
And see the painted foliage of forest trees.

The rise of ground west of the village, and Prospect Hill are good positions for views of portions of hill scenery of northern Pennsylvania, but there are ~~scenes~~ ^{scenery} of others, particularly, as I should think, at "Kane's summit and station" on the Phila. & Erie R. R., in the western part of this county.

This east hill range is not bare, but covered with trees in great profusion and variety; prominently we see the tall, straight, dark green and sombre looking hemlock, not that fatal hemlock of which Socrates, Demosthenes and Hannibal drank and then instantly expired; but the useful and harmless hemlock of the northern climes; its boughs so fragrant and health-giving; that the traveler who makes his bed upon them on the ground in the open air of the summer season and sleeps soundly all night,

will not take cold. Its medicinal leaves make, when steeped, a beverage that will drive the fever from the boiling blood; and from its bark issues a gum, not so glistening as the tears shed by the famous "Tree of Araby," but far more useful in quieting pain in the tortured limb of the rheumatic sufferer. Next we may see the stately oak; not the "charter oak of historic memory," but those containing hollows large enough in which to hide our Declaration of Independence, and a copy of the Federal Constitution also; and large enough to successfully conceal the body of a full grown grizzly bear. Now we may see the tall and graceful sugar maple, standing in groups with their beautiful lobed, five pointed leaves, from the life blood or sap of which is made that saccharine material which rivals the sugar cane of the Indies. In every direction we may recognize the more slender form of the beechen tree which annually yields those millions of mast, in spring time spread under the dry leaves on the ground on which the wild pigeon makes its sumptuous banquet. Scattered here and there is the stately elm; not the "Treaty elm" of Wm. Penn, but equally large, tall, wide-spread and imposing, as it rears its majestic head far above its neighbors, and looks the monarch of the wood lands. Occasionally we find the Magnolia or Tulip tree of the north, known here as the Cucumber tree, with its tall, straight body, its dignified, unyielding and unbending limbs and twigs, disdaining to stoop or bend, but always looking upward, with its fine large shady leaf.

On the ridges and low grounds grow the chestnut, the walnut and the butternut which remind the young folks of cracking and eating their delicious nuts of the long winter's nights, during the Christmas holidays.

Then the ash, more fatal to the poisonous rattlesnake than the fell Upas of the east is to the human species. And now the graceful Sycamore which so delightfully shades the walks and dwellings in cities and villages of every clime, called here the Linn or the basswood. And standing on some isolated spot occasionally is found the gigantic form of an ancient Birch, of the same species as that from which the

"Boat of birchen bark" was made, referred to by Tom Moore in his song, of the *Dis-mal Swamp* beginning:

"They made her a grave too cold and damp,
For a heart so warm and true;
And she's gone to the lake of the dismal swamp,
Where all night long by her fire-fly lamp,
She paddles her light canoe."
* * * * *

Till he made him a boat from BIRCHEN BARK,
Which carried him off from the shore,
Long he followed that meteor spark;
The wind was high and the night was dark,
And the boat returned no more."

Added to the variety of trees already mentioned are a host of underwood and shrubbery of all the species common to this northern latitude; interspersed and mingled with and among their taller neighbors so that the whole woody hill range is clothed with trees and tree foliage as a garment: not a nook or a cranny but has its bush or its shrub. Here grow the hazelnut and the beechnut, from which the squirrel, red black, grey and striped, replethens their granaries and treasure up their store for winter use. Here the wild pigeon builds its nest and rears its brood and adds its other million of young birds to make the next, and perhaps tenth generation for the past year.— I leave the almost endless variety of wild flowers, and blossoming shrubs here unmentioned, because they take too small a part in the great exhibition which nature has here presented in her panorama of natural scenery, to be noticed in the landscape view.

Much of the remarkable beauty of American scenery depends on that peculiar brilliancy and variety of color exhibited by its foliage in autumn, when it has arrived at its perfection and is about to assume that "sere and yellow leaf" from which nature seems to have destined it never to recover; look then at this landscape scene through the magic lens of that "distance" which "lends enchantment" to the scene and see the unfoldings of the grandeur and exquisite loveliness of autumn foliage shown on the picture of ~~the~~ ^{the} hill side. See the inimitable blending of the crimson and gold, the purple, the yellow, the orange, green and the white; with every possible shade between, so variously; so perfectly and so glowingly intermingled and shaded together as to astonish and fascinate the

imagination and bewilder the swimming eye swimming as it looks over this sea of glory and takes in its wonderful charm; see the lights and the shadows of this variegated scene, showing its glowing forms all the magic ~~of~~ of the rain bow, painted by a pencil held in the hand of the Almighty, and dipped in the rays of light:—beauty in any form is always an absorbing and interesting sensation to the human eye and the emotional feelings of man, and this scene is the matchless beauty of *God's perfection*. Color when commingled and blended is always bewitching to the eye; color alone may not charm, but when all the gorgeous colors formed by the goodness and wisdom of the creative power are softened, mingled shaded and harmonized together by the hand of unapproachable perfection the result can never be described; we can only look upon it in mute astonishment, admire with all our hearts and praise the glorious Giver.

As you cast your wandering eye over it, this grand picture of nature's own painting is ever varying, ever changing; that great tall tree casts its shade here, that other tree casts a darker shadow there, that dark evergreen almost hides the foliage yonder while this lighter colored green leaved tree softens the shadowy glances, and makes it lighter. This angle of the hill casts the shadow of the sunlight far, and that bold projection casts a less lengthened but darker shade, while the whole is richly blended together by sunlight. Here the golden yellow tint of the changing leaf of the soft maple predominates; there the glowing crimson of the leaf of the sugar maple prevails. Then comes that modest bridal colored yellow leaf of the beech and shows forth its bridal dress.

Now one with leaves more ^{advanced} ~~advanced~~ in change, almost put on a drapery of snowy white, and then a cluster of leaves still unchanged show their emerald like green covering with the sun shining upon them, like the sparkling of an emerald diamond in gas light, or the swarded lawn glistening in the silvery light of the full formed moon, dotted here and there by the evening's dew drops, as the changing spots are seen on

their leaves: anon we see the russet brown of the fading leaf, and then a cluster in which all those colors are not most artistically, but most naturally and enchantingly commingled and delightfully blended together like a bouquet of lovely flowers, so rich and so charming that you seem to scent the delightful odor of their fragrance. Before this scene one stands at first enraptured and entranced, and then involuntarily exclaims, what a scene of thrilling and overpowering *Beauty!* As a whole it seems to stand before you as a broad, grand pyramid of irregular sides, covered with an endless variety of blooming flowers in—

THE "LAST PURCHASE."

INTERESTING FACTS CONNECTED WITH M'KEAN'S EARLY HISTORY.

Disposing of the Land by Lottery—The First Settlement in the County—Trials of the Pioneer Attorneys and Officials—The Address of Hon. D. B. Hamlin at the New Court House Opening.

Subjoined is the able and interesting address delivered by Hon. D. B. Hamlin, of Smethport, at the formal opening of the new court house at that place Monday afternoon. It bears on its face much patient research and contains so many important facts in connection with the early and later history of the county that it is worthy of careful preservation. Mr. Hamlin said:

FELLOW CITIZENS:—At this the opening for public use of the third court house erected in McKean county, I have been requested by the county commissioners to present some statistics pertinent to the occasion. I am aware that this is a dry duty, and the principal merit I will be entitled to claim in the performance of it will be brevity.

The lands in this county are known as the "Last Purchase." By sundry grants, treaties and enactments the titles to the domain of the earlier settlers, and the larger part of the commonwealth, had been invested in proprietories, donors and warranties. There remained to the use of the red man the territory comprised in this and a few of the counties adjacent to it. By a treaty made at Fort Stanwix in October, 1784, (now ninety-seven years ago), the Indian title was extinguished, and these lands became the property of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania. Under an act of assembly passed the next year (1785), the lands were put in market under a system denominated a "lottery." The theory then entertained by the Solons of the State was there

would be great competition among purchasers, and their right to buy should be fixed by chance, in order to be fair, and not to give those who had much money an advantage over others who had less money. Accordingly applications were received for so-called "lottery warrants," and from 1785 to 1788 there seem to have been thus appropriated in McKean county about fifteen tracts. These are located on the Allegheny river, and lie between Port Allegany and the line of the State of New York, and they can readily be distinguished by their irregular form and the low numbers applied to them. Finding the scramble to purchase was less than had been anticipated, the Legislature in 1788 modified the act of 1785, and fixed the price at £30 per 100 acres, which was about eighty cents per acre. Very few sales occurring under this act, the price was reduced in 1792 to £5 per 100 acres, or 13½ (13½) cents per acre.

Under this act rapid appropriations were made, and within a few years warrants were issued for nearly the entire body of land comprised within the last purchase. Two purchasers took much the larger part of that portion situated in McKean county and much of the land in the counties adjacent. These were William Bingham and the Holland Land Company. The estate of the former still holds a very considerable quantity.

The aim and ambition of the early proprietaries was to turn the stately trees into ashes and to raise products for human sustenance where they stood. It will be conceded in the light of history they succeeded better in the former endeavor than in the latter.

The earliest permanent settlement made in McKean county was commenced under the auspices of John Keating & Co. at Ceres, in the year 1799. The name adopted for the settlement was doubtless inspired in the hope the goddess of grain would smile on the undertaking. McKean was set off from Lycoming and organized into a separate county by act of 26th of March, 1804. The same act provided for fixing a place of holding the courts of justice and restricted the choice of location to a site not greater than seven miles from the geographical centre of the county, and the act of 4th of March, 1807, located this site at the town of Smeth's Port. The survey and location for the town seems to have been made by a party who started from Ceres, where they resided, the 24th of August, 1807. Their record shows they camped on the way and at Smethport and reached home the 20th of September. Here matters appear to have rested for awhile, for we find that by act of 1st of April, 1822, the commissioners were empowered to clear off all timber and brush not exceeding thirty acres on the site selected as the seat of justice.

The square of land on which this court house is built, together with one-half of the other squares which had been laid out in Smethport and allotted alternately, were donated by John Keating & Co. to McKean

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anty and were conveyed by a deed dated the 3d of June, 1808.

The first court house was erected in 1825-26. It was built of brick, having a central building and two wings. The first floor of the main building contained two rooms for the sheriff's residence and two cells for prisoners; one for impecunious debtors and the other denominated "the dungeon," in which persons charged with crime waited for their trial or served out their sentence. The second story contained the court room, and the wings were used respectively for the offices of the County Commissioners, Prothonotary, etc.

This building was torn down in 1850 and a new court house completed on the site of it in 1851. The former building contained no vault or fire security of any kind—the then new court house had built in it some years after its erection, a small, dark and damp brick vault, which served the purpose for the time. This the second court house gave way to the changed circumstances which have occurred within the memory of the youngest who are here present.

The first court held in McKean county commenced its session the fourth Monday of September, 1826. Judge Herrick presided. There had been necessarily no lawyers admitted to practice in this county. It seems by the record the spell was broken by Ellis Lewis, who insured the admission of William Garretson, Peter R. Adams and of himself, residents of Tioga county, Simon Kinney of Bradford county, and Anson V. Parsons of Lycoming county. This being done, so far as the minutes of the court show, the business was concluded and it is to be presumed the court adjourned. It would seem that then, as now, lawyers sometimes traveled long distances with small business returns. None of the lawyers who were here at the first term remained, but each sought for other and more promising fields.

At the following term, held in December, Anson V. Parsons was appointed prosecuting Attorney, and Orlo J. Hamlin and John W. Hume were admitted as members of the bar; Mr. Hume for a few years and Mr. Hamlin until his death, which occurred in 1880.

An examination of the census reports and court records show that the business of the pioneer lawyers could not have been lucrative; the population of the whole county being less than 1000, and the cases docketed averaging about one dozen to the term. At the December term 1826 there seems to have been twelve cases commenced, four of which were for stealing timber and two for slander; so that, bad as we are in this generation, our territorial ancestors were not above the suspicion of committing wrongs.

None but the oldest of those who hear me can realize the fatiguing labor, privations and sacrifices which were incident to the settlement of this portion of Pennsylvania. The President Judge of the first court lived in Bradford county, four weary days distance by horseback and portman-

teau. Judge Lewis and the other members of the bar who came came from Wellsboro, had three days, and Judge Parsons, who came from Williamsport, consumed near a week, by a wilderness path and crossing unbridged streams. Clients had small cases and less money. The love of the profession must have been the lawyer's incentive—else his disappointment was great.

It is my fortune to have known all the judges who have sat on the bench, and every resident member of the bar who has practiced in the courts of this county, except John W. Hume, though I was a young boy during the terms of Judges Herrick and Eldred. For president judges we have had Edward Herrick, Nathaniel B. Eldred, Alexander McCalmont, Horace Williston, Robert G. White, and Henry W. Williams, and as assistant law judges Henry W. Williams and Stephen F. Wilson. All of these have passed away, except the last two named, who are still with us honoring their high vocations.

The associate judges have been Joseph Otto, Joel Bishop, Nathaniel White, William P. Wilcox, John Holmes, Nelson Richmond, Solomon Sartwell, Aaron S. Arnold, Joseph Monse, Sylvanus Holmes, Orvin L. Stanton, Richard Chadwick.

Jedekiah Darling, Nelson Peabody, A. N. Taylor, A. T. Barden, Loyal Ward, William S. Brownell and Francis N. Burnham. Of the whole number I cannot recall the name of any one who is known to have disgraced the judicial ermine.

This court house is a striking evidence of the changed condition of the needs and ability of our old county. While we, whose lives have been spent here, have always hoped and encouraged ourselves and each other to believe nature had provided for us in some mysterious manner the elements of material prosperity, we yet are led to marvel at what we behold. Six years ago the county had a population of less than 10,000, now it contains fully 45,000. The court house built in 1850, which was torn down to give place to this, cost \$16,000. To pay for it cost fifteen years of time and much toil and privation on the part of those who were required to contribute by taxation. This house cost \$80,000, all of which will be paid within five years from the time the first blow was struck, and, its cost is so small in proportion to other county expenditures, it will scarcely be felt. Then Bradford, the most wide-awake, active and bustling town in the United States, was a hamlet of thirty or forty houses. Where the cows roamed and tingled their bells by day and night are now handsome buildings occupied by busy men. Where one line of railroad with one train a day, drawing one dilapidated coach, then served all the needs of business, there are five railroads, each well supplied with rolling stock and running numerous trains heavily laden. Then the dozen lawyers who stayed here to obtain redress for the grievances of the people found abundance of time to prepare their briefs; now the

hundred who have come with us have abundant employment, and there are not yet enough to entirely prevent the commission of crime and the doing of wrong. Then four weeks of court, giving the judges a considerable part of each day for relaxation, were ample; now, with twelve weeks' constant labor in court, business is accumulating, causes of sniters are two years behind, and prisoners languish in jail waiting for their trials. Then the Sheriff and Prothonotary, without assistants, were gentlemen of leisure; now, with beavies of deputies, they are the busiest of men. Then our jail, with its twenty-four cells, was frequently without an enforced occupant; now it fairly groans with its thirty to fifty prisoners.

To God we must give the thanks for having placed the deposit out of which this marvelous change has grown. To a few of our own citizens we must ascribe the praise of having found it. It will not be invidious to say that to Daniel Kingsbury the citizens of this county owe a debt which can never be paid in this world. While we had the Bretts, a Foster, a Kennedy, a Haffey, the Melvins, Buchanans and others as coadjutors and aids, yet it was to his faith, pluck, perseverance and encouragement we are indebted to the discovery of petroleum oil in this region when it was found. All honor to his memory and many virtues!

To the men who came here to bring forth the wealth of these hills and valleys from its hidden recesses, we are under lasting obligations. As a class they have proved themselves to be honorable, noble and generous. It is to their influence, money and aid, cheerfully bestowed, we owe the initiation of the conclusion to erect this building; and when they may have left us to develop the same or other industries in distant fields we will have them in gratified remembrance.

The tax-paying citizens who favored the work, the grand juries who authorized it, the architect who designed it, the contractor who executed and the county commissioners who supervised it may justly feel that they have erected a monument which will outlive their day and generation.

Fellow citizens, I congratulate you on the possession of this noble and useful structure. As I have said to myself when looking on and admiring the grand public edifices at the capital of the nation, "these are mine." So may you feel and say when looking on this, it is yours. Let it abide for the use of ourselves and posterity.

BITS OF LOCAL HISTORY.

REVIEW OF SMETHPORT AND VICINITY.

The Old Settlers—Their Perils and Difficulties.

Interesting Reminiscences and Incidents of 60 Years ago.

It might have been inferred from the closing paragraphs under this heading in last week's paper that these reminiscences had been brought to a close, and so we thought; but the gentleman to whom we are indebted for them, having furnished us further notes from which to continue through another issue or two we gladly publish them, in the hope of giving our readers some facts and anecdotes in our local history which will be both interesting and instructive.

In going back to the early settlers, it will be well to state that Joseph Stull and his brother Jacob came here soon after Judge Otto, in about 1810, and settled below here on the Allegheny. In this connection Mr. Sartwell tells the following anecdote: "A few years after this a party of Indians came to hunt and camped near the mouth of Potato Creek. One of the Indians having been belated one night and unable to make his way to camp wrapped his blanket about him and laid down upon the ground with face downward, as was their custom. A panther took his track, pounced upon him striking his claws in either side, and his teeth in the back of his neck and commenced "work." A small tree being near the Indian he took hold of it, raised himself up, took the knife from his belt and by a well directed blow plunged it deep into the animal's body, from the effects of which the panther fell to the ground dead. The next morning the other Indians went in search of the missing one and found him nearly dead. They put him upon a litter and carried him to the house of Jacob Stull. He remained there a long time before he could go to his tribe on the Allegheny.

Joel Sartwell came here in 1816 with his father. Joel was a good teamster and had few equals in driving oxen. The following good one is told of one of his exploits. One day he wished to get some long logs and went back of his house (where Ransom Beckwith now lives) and felled a large pine tree. He hitched to it and started the team. He stood on the hill and piloted the oxen down by shouting "Gee, Buck! Haw Buck," and so on, which command the oxen seemed to understand and obey. Down they went with lightening speed, the snow which was about two feet

deep flying nearly to the tree tops. Joel followed on and found his oxen at the foot of the hill all right, except that one had *lost its tail*.

Mr. Corwin, father of Ghordis and Benjamin, settled in Norwich the time that Jonathan Colegrove came. Wm. Smith, the father of Esek, and Wheeler Gallup also came on about this time. The White family also settled in Norwich, David White, yet living, being a member of this family. Stephen Young came about the same time and afterward settled in Farmer's Valley.

The next list which Mr. Sartwell considers worthy of personal mention are the old ladies of the old school, now living. The first of these mentioned is Mrs. Dr. W. Y. McCoy who has been a resident of the county from girlhood. She was born in an eastern State and is the daughter of the late Dr. Geo. Darling, for many years a practicing physician in this county. Mrs. McCoy has lived in Smethport a long term of years, raising a large family of children to grace her name and make happy the sunset of old age. Her mother sprang from an honored family in Massachusetts. She was a christian lady in every sense. It was always sunshine in her presence and her family never saw her in anger. She died as the Christian dies, in the year 1832 and was the first one interred in the old burying ground in Smethport, among the tall evergreen trees which sang the sad requiem to the departed.

Mrs. Ira Curtis, now in her 87th year, still retains nearly all her mental faculties. Mr. Sartwell says: "I have recently seen her, as well as the other ladies hereinafter mentioned, and have taken from their lips the reminiscences which I here relate. Mrs. Curtis says her husband was a merchant and they at an early date lived at Whitehall, N. Y. She went on an related what is recorded in history: In 1812 Commodore McDonough fought a battle with the British on Lake Champlain near Sacket's Harbor. When all ready for action a rooster on board the ship flew upon the boom and commenced crowing. The sailors then took courage and gained the victory. After the battle the fleet was brought to Whitehall at the head of the lake where she went on board and beheld a fearful sight. Commodore McDonough was often at our house with his rooster which

he and his sailors worshipped. He was a large, red bird with beautiful plumage, and trained to many tricks."

Mrs. John Holmes came to Smethport fifty years ago. She is 92 years of age, though to all appearances just in her prime. Mrs. Byron Hamlin and Mrs. Asa Cory are her daughters. Mrs. James Taylor is 94 years of age, rather infirm but has a retentive memory. She knew Mr. Sartwell although she had not seen him for many years. Mrs. Cory, the mother of Asa, is 92 years old. She experienced religion in Connecticut when twelve years old and has followed the Saviour 80 years. She went to Texas with one of her sons in 1860 and settled in Houston. She was a tailoress, and made many nice clothes for the rebel officers and got high prices for the work—not because she liked the rebels, but because she was in a strait and needed money. She was in constant fear during that period and after the war started alone for the north, traveling fourteen hundred miles without encountering anyone she knew. She was treated with the utmost kindness, however, by all on her journey back home. Mrs. Ghordis Corwin is 72 years of age and a daughter of Solomon Sartwell, Sr. She came to Farmer's Valley in 1816. When twelve years old she could spin yarn and weave cloth. Mrs. Judge Stanton, then living at the Canoe Place (now Port Allegany) got into trouble with her loom and web and sent for the 12 year old girl to come and help her. She went and soon put all things right and commenced weaving. Mrs. Corwin is still living in this borough, loved and respected by all who know her.

BITS OF LOCAL HISTORY.

REVIEW OF SMETHPORT AND VICINITY.

The Old Settlers—Their Perils and Difficulties.

Interesting Reminiscences and Incidents of 60 Years ago.

Hon. Byron D. Hamlin is custodian of some ancient manuscript which belonged to Francis King and the late Orlo J. Hamlin, a portion of which is copied for the Benefit of the readers of the MINER as relics of "ye olden time." The first relic is the original deed of Robert Morris (of Revolutionary fame and one of the signers of the Declaration of Inde-

pendence,) and his wife Mary, dated January 6, 1797, containing a large number of tracts of land in McKean, Clearfield and Clinton counties, since held by William Keating & Co. It is a parchment deed, about three feet square and written with a pen when men knew how to use the quill. If any one has a desire to see the most beautifully executed document their eyes ever beheld let them call at the office of Mr. Hamlin. The next original parchment deed is from Wm. Bingham to Omer Taylor, afterward conveyed to John Keating & Co., dated December 21st, 1796, containing about 300,000 acres, lying in McKean and Potter counties.

The next articles of interest are copies of old papers which belonged to O. J. Hamlin, a slight reference to which will perhaps be of interest to some of our readers. The Bradford, (Pa.) *Settler*, published in 1826 is dressed in mourning and chronicles the death of Thomas Jefferson and John Adams whose deaths took place on the 4th of July, 1826. The *Democratic Analysis*, also published in Bradford county, bearing date of February 24, 1842, is also among the old relics preserved by Mr. Hamlin. This paper mentions the nomination of "Orlo J. Hamlin, Esq., of McKean county for Representative to Congress."

The first newspaper established in Smethport was the *Forester*, published and edited by Hiram Payne in the year 1830. Next was the McKean county *Journal*, published and edited by Richard Chadwick in 1834. Next was the *Beacon*, published by Asa Howe Cory, about the year 1839. In about the year 1844 Wm. S. Oviatt published the *Settler and Pennon*, and in 1847 F. B. & A. H. Cory published the *McKean Yeoman*. Of the above newspaper editors Messrs. W. S. Oviatt and A. H. Cory are yet residents of this vicinity and are in Smethport nearly every week. Of the papers of a recent date it is not necessary to speak, as all are familiar with their history.

The next object of antiquity is Francis King's blank book of 231 pages. It is bound in parchment and has the appearance of being 150 years old and perhaps it is. It was made before binding after the fashion of modern times came into use. The stationers business card is pasted on the inside cover and reads in this wise: "Bedham Stationer, Church

street, opposite Union street,—schools and shops served as cheap as in London. Books neatly bound in vellum or leather. Umbrellas made and mended." In this book Mr. King kept the record of his survey of the boundary lines of Mr. Keating's lands adjoining the line of New York, and the Holland purchase in that State, as well as the lands of Wm. Bingham, Jacob Ridgway and the Jones lands in Pennsylvania. The boundary between New York and Pennsylvania being in controversy, a joint commission was created by the two States to determine accurately where the line should be established. The above book, which contained the earliest records as to the location of the lines lying north of McKean county was heard of and called for to be used by the chief of the "New York Commission.

Mr. King was an Englishman and came to America in 1798, took the agency of the Keating lands and settled on the Oswayo Creek. He named the town Ceres. It was a "serious" place in the wilderness, inhabited by wild beasts and sixty miles from any settlement. He was an estimable man, a Quaker and very conscientious. He was very eccentric in his ways and would never do any thing after the manner of the wily Yankees. When he cleared the land on the hillside he compelled his men to roll the logs up hill because the Yankees rolled their logs down hill! When he died, in about 1817, his son John was made the agent of the aforesaid Keating lands. Francis King was a scholar and a practical surveyor. In running the boundary lines of the above mentioned vast body of lands he kept field notes of every day's work as well as a sort of diary of occurrences and observations. His survey commences in this wise: "The 1st of the 7th month, 1801. Began at a hemlock corner 63 perches west of the Holland company's 13 mile stake on the State Line when we found a south line, which proved to be the district line dividing District 2 and 3, and traveled it south through a thick windfall.

2d day. State Line marked on a beech with the initials 'T. W. October 10, 1792.' Soil chocolate colored; timber, white pine, hemlock, beech, sugar tree, &c. Our provisions being exhausted we returned home.

The 12th of the 10th-month. Found a line blazed for a road from the head of

Pine Creek to the head of the Oswayo, in the fall of 1797. We then went to meet the pack horses on the south branch of the Allegheny. 19th of the 12th month. Found a sugar tree corner with initials, one marked 'O. S. S.' and under it the letters 'S. T. E.' Having no bread we stayed in camp to bake some. Expecting the rest of our company with provisions we waited for them and they came in the afternoon.

17th of the 10th month, 1805. Proceeded with the road and lodged at the Allegheny. 18. One of our horses being lamed yesterday we were obliged to leave it and proceed with the other, which happening to fall into the water with all our things detained us a considerable time. 8th. Thomas Smith having been taken sick and getting no better we thought it expedient to get him home and we started, arriving on the 10th, about noon.

Running of the town lots of Smethport, &c. 24th of the 8th month, 1807. Left home to go to Smethport and

loaded at the mouth of our creek. 25th. Continued up the river and lodged on Potato Creek. 26th. Continued, and coming on rain we camped near the forks of the creek. 27. Still raining. In the afternoon went up the small branch and built a camp. 28th. Finished camp and moved our things up to it. 29th. First day of the week—washed. 30. Got out stakes for corners.

19th of the 9th month. Finished surveying the lines of the town."

Mr. Keating gave the first settlers 50 acres of land. In the year 1812 he commenced the survey of the following gentlemen's lands in Farmer's Creek to-wit: Robert Gilbert, Mathias Otto, Geo. Otto, Joseph Otto, Jonathan Moore, Zacharia Thomas and William Ashley.

Joseph Otto taught the first school in the county gratuitously for the benefit of his neighbor's children as well as his own. His school house was in the shape of an inverted "V," built of logs and covered with bark.

Old uncle Dunbar, as he was familiarly called, the father of Jonathan ("Uncle Daunt") was a good old honest Dutchman, dressed in a suit of home-spun made by his excellent wife, was the first singing master in the county. In the occasional religious meetings which were held at his house he always took the lead in singing. On one occasion af-

ter the hymn was given out, he arose and named the tune. After three fruitless efforts to get the pitch he exclaimed: "I can't strike that tune if I should swallow a hammer." Uncle Dunbar had a farm in Farmer's Valley and a saw mill, the first in the county. His saw mill gave him a great deal of trouble. The machinery becoming deranged and the mill dam having been swept away by the floods he finally got out of patience and exclaimed: "If the Lord had given Job a sawmill instead of boils the devil would then have got him."

From, *Republican*
Kane Pa.

Date, *Aug. 4" 1893,*

EARLY REMINISCENCES OF KANE

"Old Settler's" Second Interesting Installment.

THE FIRST SAW MILL BUILT HERE IN 1861

he "Boys" Have a Time With a Barrel of Imported Liquor Which Was "Opened" During General Grant's Visit—Local Opinion and the Old Bucktail Hotel.

[WRITTEN FOR THE REPUBLICAN.]

The old historic water-mill, now only a crumbling pile of rubbish on a branch of the Kinzua creek, better known as the Water-mill stream five miles northeast of Kane, was built in 1861, by Charles Bellows, millwright, of Port Alleghany, under the supervision of David Cornelius, for General Kane. Just why the mill was located at that point is only a matter of conjecture to those living now. To go to the mill was easy, but to return to Kane from it was tiresome, difficult and expensive.

Previous to and after the years 1861 '62, it had not been definitely settled that the Sunbury & Erie, now P. & E. railroad, would be located where it now is. A line from Wilcox up the Toby branch of the Clarion river had been surveyed and right of way was cut out to

White Spring, where the Lafayette road intersects the Smethport road, there crossing the divide and down the Kinzua creek and the Allegheny river to Warren. This proposed line of the railroad may have been the incentive to build the mill at a point then, and now almost inaccessible to teams.

On the adoption of the present line of the P. & E. railroad General Kane was in the army, and as usual with him when he wished to accomplish an object he at once, regardless of difficulties and expense, changed all former plans as not being practicable, and in the years 1863 and '64 he had erected the first steam saw mill in this region, the site being near the saw tooth works of Risdon & Sons. In connection was a saw mill, planing mill and door and sash factory. The main object for the building of this mill was the manufacture of the lumber for the Thomson House and buildings in course of construction.

Laborers were few and wages consequently high owing to the large number of hands that were employed by the P. & E. railroad company in the building of the machine shops and round house. This was one of the causes that retarded the building of the hotel and other improvements. The burning of the saw mill in 1867 materially retarded the construction of buildings projected in the town.

But with all these hindrances, and the sufferings from wounds received in the war, it is due to the memory of General Kane, the founder of the town whose cherished name it bears, that from the earliest settlement of this region to the period of his death in the year 1883, his watchful care over it and anxiety for its progress, together with his sympathy for the sufferings and privations of the settlers, and readiness to help in every possible way, partook more of the character of a father over his children than that of the capitalist over such a vast business enterprise.

It might be well to mention here an incident that occurred showing the ungratefulness of some to a benefactor. Notice was given the yardmaster of the expected arrival of a cask of imported liquor (the freight house having been burned); that upon its arrival here a

guard be placed over it and the owner advised of its arrival, which was done. Just at nightfall an employe, with a yoke of oxen and front bobs of a lumber sled, came up, loaded the precious and valuable stuff and started with it for its destination. Arriving at the mill a change of program took place. The oxen were unhitched from the sled and went on an imaginary errand, the precious laden remaining for a purpose on the sled over night, which the sequel will show. In the morning it was taken to the residence of the owner, where it was carefully placed in the cellar. After a lapse of four years, on a memorable occasion during the visit of distinguished guests, the cask was tapped and found to contain only water, not even having the taste of spirits. It is surmised that while the cask lay all night at the mill the hoops were raised and the liquor withdrawn and replaced with water. An investigation followed, facts ascertained and a good round price paid for the cognac. The implicit confidence had in two trusted employes was not reposed in them after that.

The old Bucktail Hotel was the first hostelry opened in Kane about 1870, gaining quite a notoriety in its time during the local option days here. "Punch and Judy" in the pit had an unsavory reputation, and baffled the temperance people, who were on the alert to discover any violation of the local prohibitory laws. Many schemes were laid to entrap the wily landlord, who was ever ready to entertain man and beast. There was no saloon or bar visible to the uninitiated. When a guest once gained the confidence of the obliging and genial host he received instructions, which if strictly followed, never failed to produce the medicine, from an unseen and unknown source; and perchance could never find his way back to where he got his wants supplied. If a temperance spy (of which there were many) came along the acuteness of the jolly proprietor never failed him in discovering who his customer was and his object. In this he has had a faculty that dimmed the lustre of the secret service men at all times. His ability in this line made him the peer of a Hawkshaw. No spy, in whatever guise he came, over gained the infor-

mation sought. The glory of the old Bucktail Hotel departed in 1887, when refused a hotel license.

The Thomson House was completed in the year 1869, but was not opened as a hotel until the latter part of 1873, when R. M. N. Taylor of Cleveland, who had charge of the Renovo House, took charge of the hotel and the following summer opened it as a summer resort. Mr. Taylor's reputation as a landlord had preceded him, which he fully maintained while here, establishing for the favorite health resort a reputation that it has held under the supervision of others through the succeeding seasons to the present time. Mr. Charles H. Kemp, the present proprietor, is adding daily to its popularity as one of the best kept and regulated hotels on the line of the P. & E. railroad.

The Oil Exchange, now Centennial, was opened as a hotel in 1874, F. W. W. Meese being proprietor. Mr. Meese was previously engaged in railroadng for over sixteen years, and very naturally the Oil Exchange became headquarters for railroad and commercial men, with whom he had a numerous acquaintance. In 1878 it became the resort of prominent oil men who were operating on the upper Kinzua, among them Marcus Hulings, his sons, J. M. Guffey, and others of less note. The rapid increase of patronage compelled the landlord to lease a large house on the opposite side of the street. Very frequently as many as 125 meals were served for breakfast to oil and railroad men. Owing to ill health Mr. Meese was compelled to retire from the hotel in 1880. The Centennial passed through several hands and is to-day in the front rank, under the able management of B. F. Burgess.

In 1874 Mr. George Welker opened the old Mountain House as a hotel, in which he continued until its destruction by fire in 1879. He erected the present Kane House, which was very popular under his management. The present landlord of the Kane House, Mr. Corson, is too well known to need any puffing. In fact you might search the State with a fine tooth comb and not find a better hotel than the Kane House with Landlord Corson in charge.

Another pioneer in the hotel business is Rick Donovan. Shortly after oil was struck in the Kane field Rick came here and opened a hotel in an old building where the Hotel LaMont now stands. Rick made a success of the hotel business, and Hotel LaMont to-day, under his care, is good enough to satisfy the wants of the most particular.

The Fleming House, John Fleming proprietor, was erected in 1887. It is a substantial brick building, standing on the site of the old wooden building kept by Mr. Fleming for several years prior to the erection of the present one. Mr. Fleming came to Kane in 1876 or '77, when he engaged in the manufacture of boots and shoes, afterwards opening a large shoe store in a building on the lot where his hotel now stands. He is conducting a model farm on the Smethport road, and also owns a number of oil wells. While giving attention to his hotel, farm and oil wells, he takes an interest in all enterprises that are beneficial to the town. His hotel is well conducted and is patronized by the best of people. Mr. Fleming is a gentleman that has made a success of his different business undertakings, and in his prosperity he never forgets his less fortunate neighbors, many of whom have been benefitted by his kindly assistance.

The history of the hotels in Kane would be far from complete without a passing notice of one that no doubt is only remembered by a few. The Mountain House, which was opened as a resting place for the weary traveler and tired beast in 1870, is the one we refer to. Richard Jones, the landlord, was one of the most genial, whole-souled men in Kane. It is well known by all who still remember this obliging host, that no one was turned away hungry or thirsty from the Mountain House. It is said that he always had an allowance laid aside for charitable purposes, and that he would borrow money rather than draw from this fund. The hotel business was seemingly a prosperous one to him. His son-in-law Michael succeeded him as landlord previous to his decease, and he sold the property to Mr. George Welker in 1874.

The Morrison eating house, destroyed by fire in 1874, was built in 1866, by the

P. & E. company for a railroad hotel to accommodate passengers with meals. Joe Morrison, of Huntingdon, Pa., a hotel man of more than ordinary reputation, took charge of the house when completed, he intending to have it take rank with the hotels of Saratoga, Bedford, and other celebrated resorts, but owing to lack of patronage his hopes were not realized, Joe became inconsolable and gave parties and dances, leaving the hotel fall into disrepute as an eating house and resort for invalids. Contribution parties were then held for the benefit of churches. Strangers however soon learned that there were no churches, or congregations for churches, a small log school house on the Smethport road, where the P. & W. station now stands, being utilized for holding services. Joe returned to Huntingdon and the hotel passed into other and more successful hands.

OLD SETTLER.

(To be Continued).

From, *Republican*
Kane Pa.
 Date, *Aug. 18th 1893,*

EARLY REMINISCENCES OF KANE

A Woman's Adventure With a Wildcat

"REV." MEESE PERFORMS A MOCK MARRIAGE.

Great Times at Dances, when the Young Fellows Carried their Sweethearts on Their Shoulders Through Six Feet of Snow—Experience of Hunters With a Bear—Etc.

[WRITTEN FOR THE REPUBLICAN.]

No portion of McKean county has been the scene of more romantic and dangerous adventures in fun, practical jokes and deeds of love than Kane, in its early days. Then there were no places of amusement, so that the citizens were in touch with nothing only of the ludicrous order; many of the pastimes and pranks that were then indulged in, have had no chronicler.

During the fall of 1866 a young man named Casper Huffnagle came to Kane. He was a German, and very verdant in his ways. For awhile he made his home with Mr. George Welker, who resided in what was then days known as the "bush." There resided nearby a young lady named Lizzie Marker. She was vivacious, rollicksome, and at all times ready to engage in a harmless joke. Young Huffnagle being very susceptible of flattery when coming from the tender sex, he was made the victim of what was intended a ruse to get rid of his annoyances to the young lady, which by this time had become tiresome to her. Mr. Welker after some persuasion, induced her to propose marriage to the young fellow, which she did, and was accepted. Mr. F. W. Meese who was then yardmaster, and always ready for fun, was requested by Mr. Welker to appear the following Sunday in the garb of a minister and perform a mock marriage, which he cheerfully consented to and did the job with as much ceremony as if he had been a regular preacher, receiving a \$5 note from the groom, which was loaned him by Mr. Welker. Mr. Marker, the father of the lady, who was by the way, one of the jolliest of men, had a fine wedding dinner prepared, of which the minister, bride and groom and ten or twelve invited guests partook, after which the minister went to his home near by and the guests dispersed. When Mr. Welker was about to go home he invited the groom to go with him. "I will go if my wife does," was the reply. But "wifey" had seen the turn affairs were about to take, and slipped away to a neighbor's for the night, leaving her poor "hubby" alone and forlorn. Mr. Welker, in order to get the groom to relinquish all claim to his newly-married wife, bought him a suit of clothes and paid his fare to Williamsport, with a sworn promise never to return to Kane, or claim the bride of a day. The one who administered the iron clad oath and the financial sufferer in the mock marriage still reside in Kane.

An amusing incident occurred at Wilcox on election day, in November, 1868, while the voters residing in Kane, Saragant township, were on their way to the polls at Bunkerhill. The party lines were closely drawn those days:

Democrats were fewer then and Simon-pure Republicans more plentiful than now, and each faction had its leader. On the arrival at Wilcox seven conveyances for the Republicans and two for the Democratic voters were in readiness to take them the overland route. The trained eye of the Republican chief saw a Democrat in the driver's seat, lines in hand, and the wagon filled with Republican voters. With one of his furtive looks when angered or non-plussed, and a voice that never failed to claim attention, he said, sharply:

"Mr. Mulvaney, no Democrat can ride in or drive a wagon containing Republicans."

"All right, General," replied the driver, as he sprang to the ground, "but I'm not a Democrat, but a Saymore man."

"Beg your pardon, sir; take the lines, sir; your explanation is satisfactory, and I am pleased that my Bucktails vote as they shot."

The trip to the polls and back was made with nothing but friendly taunts at the few who felt honored by the name of Democrat.

A few here still remember the deep snows of 1864-'65, and later 1868-'69, the former winter it was five feet deep, while in the latter year it reached a depth of six feet. It was during this time that Mr. A. G. Larson and several of his countrymen went to Wilcox to cut wood for Captain Ernhout. The captain directed them to where the cutting was to be done. Mr. Larson still declares they waded in snow to their shoulders. Disheartened they made their way back to their village and informed the genial captain that it was impossible to cut the trees as the stumps would be so very high and the waste too great. The captain agreed with and released them.

The experiences the Kane folks had with snow drifts in the winter of '64-'65 were ludicrous, and well deserving relating, and for proof of the facts Mr. Peter Jarvis will be referred to. Mr. Jarvis was one of the many who were fond of dancing. Maple sugar parties and dances were of nightly occurrences, the programme generally being dancing for six nights and maple sugar parties on Sunday, as a kind of a rest, for the

people of Kane were very pious in those days. Six feet of snow was a barrier to them easily overcome, husbands taking their wives on their shoulders, and the young lads their sweethearts—all were gotten there by the same mode of conveyance, horses and cutters being unknown here. The repertoire of dancing tunes of the now sainted fiddler, consisted of "money musk," "Irish washerwoman," "St. Patrick's day in the morning," and "pop goes the weasel," always winding up with a break down and fisher's hornpipe. The snow was never so deep as to delay the dancers materially, except on one occasion, in February, 1865, when all trains were blockaded, as well as a party of dancers at the house of William Catell. When morning came the snow was so deep that they could not disperse. They continued the dance for four successive days and nights, when provisions ran short. Martin Barnwell, an engineer, with his sweetheart, a cook at the Jones house (she tipped the scales at 380 pounds) were sent for provisions, but not returning, a searching party was sent out, who found them between the round house and boarding house, nearly frozen. Both survived the congealing however, and attended the next dance none the worse for their experience. Peter Jarvis and his mother-in-law, Mrs. John Flanigan, were the acknowledged champion dancers of the region.

William Rutledge, a hunter, came here in November, 1867, for the purpose of hunting. He left a suit of clothes and some valuables with Charles Jones, started into the woods provisioned for six weeks, intending to camp on Crane or Coon run. Not returning in two months' time his absence caused some comment, but no uneasiness was expressed, as the stranger might have went in another direction and would send for his property in due time. But no tidings of the man ever came. Five years afterwards a woman arrived here and made some inquiries about a man, the description of whom bore a resemblance to the hunter. She claimed nothing more than an acquaintance him, and was given what effects he had left. That was the last heard of him or the woman. In 1879 a rusty gun barrel, stock well rotten, was found leaning against a tree on Crane run by some

land prospectors, but no bones or clothing to give a clue to its ownership. No doubt the gun belonged to William Rutledge, the lost hunter, who must have perished from the extreme cold weather.

Kane, though obscure in its early primitive days, was visited by a large number of distinguished people, prominent statesman, and military heroes. Among them such men as President U. S. Grant, Simeon Cameron, secretary of war and U. S. senator; Admiral S. P. Lee, U. S. N.; Brigham Young, John L. Young, delegate to congress from Utah, Generals Meigs and Patterson. It was during the visit of Admiral S. P. Lee and General Meigs to the home of General Kane and his charming family, in September, 1867, that an incident worth relating occurred. Frank J. Thompson, a Swede, was yard master's clerk. He had a penchant for hunting, and one day accompanied Meigs and Lee. When near where the famous Crane & Crappean oil well was struck in 1885, Thompson parted from Meigs and Lee. He went but a short distance when he sat down to rest, and a large doe walked up to within twenty feet of where he sat on a log. He fired, killing the doe, and after cutting its throat, he divested himself of coat and vest and rolled in its blood. Meigs and Lee hearing the report of the gun came and found him covered with blood. He told them he had done this to have luck in future, but the charm failed, as Thompson never killed another deer. Meigs and Lee, while they didn't kill any deer, each caught several trout twenty inches in length.

The strength of nerve and fortitude which maternal love will inspire, is brilliantly illustrated by the following circumstance, which happened during the latter part of 1861 or early in 1862. It was while Michael Glatt was erecting a boarding house at the old water mill. He and his men had gone to the castle on the head of Buck run for supplies. The husband and men not having returned at nightfall, Mrs. Glatt retired with her two children to rest in a chamber on the first floor of the cabin. Shortly after she had lain down an enormous wild cat leaped into the room through an open window. The

cat whined and shook itself, and then lay down upon the floor in a watchful attitude, with its eyes fixed upon the bed where Mrs. Glatt lay, almost paralyzed with fright at this dangerous visitor. Her children, were of course her first thought. One was in a cot beyond the bed where she lay and the other in her arms. She remembered in an instant that perfect silence might prevent the cat from springing on her or the child on the cot. She suppressed every breath and motion on her part, while the children luckily were sleeping so profoundly that their breathing could not be heard. The mother's suspense for a moment can scarcely be imagined, but after a few minutes (hours to her no doubt) the monster cat began to relax the steady glare of its green eyes, and winking lazily commenced purring as if in good humor. Her husband's gun hung loaded above the head of the bed, but it could not be reached by her without rising. If she awoke her children she feared her action in so doing, or the noise they would make might bring the creature upon them. A full hour passed in this manner, the moon was at its full, and from her position on the bed she could see every motion of the savage cat as it lay with its head between its forepaws, the same posture assumed by her own house cat when in a state of semi-watchfulness approaching a cat-nap. No wonder, as Mrs. Platt says, her senses were strung to an almost painful acuteness. The moonlight streaming in at the window was to her eyes like the glare of the sun at noonday; the ticking of the clock on the cabin wall fell on her ears like a sharply pointed hammer, seeming to bruise the nerve. No doubt a keen thrill ran like a sharp knife through her tense frame when the infant in her arms stirred and moaned in its sleep. The cat roused itself in an instant and fixing its eyes upon the bed came towards it with arched back, and seemingly yawned. It rubbed itself against the bedstead and stood for a moment so near that Mrs. Glatt could have touched it with her hand, then it turned back and commenced pacing up and down the room. The infant fortunately ceased its moaning and sighing, gently fell back into its slumbers, and again the cat, purring and winking, lay down and resumed its former position.

The quick tread of the husband and his men was heard at this moment, and the door latch was raised by one of them. Mrs. Glatt could contain herself no longer, and uttered a series of loud shrieks. The cat bounded over the heads of the men as they opened the door and disappeared in the forest. Mr. Charles Bellows, now of Port Allegheny, killed a large wild cat a short distance below the water mill, a few days after, who was probably the same intruder. Mrs. Glatt remembered hearing a noise in the cow house, so that the safety of the mother and children consisted partly perhaps in the fact that the cat before entering the house had satisfied its appetite by gorging itself upon a calf, the remains of which were next day discovered in the cow house. The preservation of the wife and children was due to the self-control with which Mrs. Glatt maintained herself in that trying situation. That she was a heroine, no one can or will question.

In the year 1861, while the water mill was being built, the contractor, Mr. L. R. Deckert, and another, whose name the writer has forgotten, visited the mill. While there a thaw came, succeeded by a cold rain, which froze as it fell. The snow became crusted over to the depth of two inches, with ice strong enough to bear the weight of a man. Deckert's friend being a hunter, concluded to go out and secure some bear-steak, having all tired of venison. Not returning in about three hours' time, and fearing some casualty had befallen him, Bellows, Fields and Deckert followed his trail for a mile up the creek and found him engaged in a desperate struggle with a large black she-bear which he had wounded. The ferocious animal immediately left its prey and rushed at the new-comers with open mouth, and was about to seize Deckert, when Bellows gave it its death wound with his trusty rifle. The hunter had a close call, and but for the timely arrival of Deckert and Bellows, instead of the bear being cut into steak for him it might have been the other way; as it was he escaped with a few slight wounds. The carcass of the bear was dragged to a knoll, skinned and cut up; a fire was speedily kindled and over it some of the bear meat was broiled, and the party enjoyed a hearty meal. The remainder of the meat was taken to the boarding shanty at the mill. And by the way there never was a famine in that boarding house, as they feasted on trout and venison continually. In the spring of 1865, when meat rations were short in town, they were long on meats at the mill, but short on butter.

OLD SETTLER.

From, *Republican*
Name, *Kane Co.*
Date, *Aug. 25th 1893.*

EARLY REMINISCENCES OF KANE

Hunting Yarns of Former Days Retold.

FISHERMEN ATTACKED BY A PACK OF WOLVES

And Driven Into a Log Hut Where They Spent the Night—A Musician in the Party Charms the Brutes With His Violin.

[WRITTEN FOR THE REPUBLICAN.]

Labor, hardships, solitude, fear and adventures were the companions of the first families that settled in the vicinity of Kane early in 1861. Chas. Fields and his wife claim to have been the pioneers, followed in a short time by Michael Glott, wife and two children, they occupying a log cabin near the famous spring, ten rods south of the water mill. Close by the spring a large hole had been dug in the ground forming another spring in which venison was kept. Several salt logs were made in the vicinity of the mill by C. L. Bellows, where deer could be killed any evening after the day's work was done. Mr. Bellows had killed a fine large buck at one of the salt-logs, the saddles of which had been put into the spring and several large flat stones put on it, to keep it under water, in this way preserving for a week or more. After the fore-quarters had been used some one went to get the saddles. To their surprise they found them missing. On examination they discovered what they supposed to be dog tracks, thinking, of course, that some renegade canine from the Morrison settlement, twelve miles below, had been foraging, not thinking that wolves had been poaching, as they are known to be cowardly and seldom venturing close to a habitation.

Two days following the missing of the venison, and on Sunday, R. N. Barber, B. Nathan Boyling, Harry Cook and J. Monroe Robinson started from the boarding house to catch some trout and look at the beaver dams near the site of the town of Kushequa. Beavers were plenty then on the upper Kinzua waters. The party had taken no firearms with them, only fishing tackle and Cook's inseparable companion, his violin (called fiddle in those days). When having gone about three miles up the creek, a cracking and crashing of brush attracted their attention. Soon a very large doe deer came bounding down the hill a short distance above them; the deer was pursued by a pack of wolves, a dozen or more. The frightened deer sprang into the stream, swam across and disappeared up the hill beyond. The wolves halted on the bank, whether from fear of the water (the stream being swollen by the late rain) or because they had scented the fishermen, is not known, but the pack set up one of their awe-inspiring howls, such as the valiant trout fishers had never heard at such close quarters, and either from fear or to make a stragetic move, ran up stream, as Mr. Robinson described their gait, we all stepped so high and majestic that logs and brush did not interfere with our locomotion. Barber says they crossed the stream three times, and Cook says they crossed some river not less than six or seven times, and that at intervals he would stop and play a tune, which invariably caused the wolves to halt, only to soon move closer. Thus they continued their weary flight, not knowing what direction they travelled. Just as darkness was settling over the dense forest they descerned a hunter's cabin (which they afterwards found belonge to James and David Landragan on Turnip run), into which the party rushed. Finding no fastening to the door, and the wolves coming up within a few feet of the cabin, the imprisoned took turns in holding the door shut. The glare of the eyes of the brutes could be seen through the cracks. As the darkness increased, the howling of the wolves ceased, and for a few moments the beaver prospectors thought their disagreeable followers had bid them good-night. Robinson ventured to look out

when he saw a dozen or so of fiery eyes looking at him. He slammed the door, calling on Cook to play a tune, but Cook had no recollection of tunes, prayers, he thought, would be preferable under the circumstances. None of the others being in a praying mood his suggestion was not given a thought even until about midnight, when the wolves were seemingly increasing in number and ferocity and the whole party thought they were about to fall a prey to the ferocious animals. Just as Mr. Boubour said, "can anyone pray," a large wolf—from the size of the foot—stuck his paw through a crack. Monroe Robinson seized a small strip of board, and with a smart blow on the paw sent him yelping back to his fellows. Just then Cook had become calm and struck up "The Girl I Left Behind Me," (at the cabin boarding house probably) which he played as correctly and in as good time as possible, soon collecting his nerve and coolness as he went on and scraped out his whole repertoire of dancing tunes, winding up with, "We'll not go back 'till morning."

The wolves were quiet-like unto a sociableness in their disposition, they even claimed a kind of proprietary interest in the premises and in the appurtanances thereof inside. But at early dawn of day a howl was set up by the pack that echoed through the vallies of Meade and Turnip runs. Not returning to the boarding house by ten o'clock at night, C. L. Bellows, knowing the nature, predaceous art and practice of the wolf, started with his trusty rifle, and Mr. Glott, armed with an axe, in search of the belated party. After searching up and down stream they ascended the hill in the direction of Meade run. Reaching the top of the hill they heard the weird howl, knowing at once that the stealthy wolves had the boys at bay. They hurried on as rapidly as the thick undergrowth would permit them. Not knowing of the hunter's cabin being in that locality, they supposed the boys were treed. Finding themselves nehr by the sounds of yelping curs they approached cautiously and with bated breath. Seeing the bark roof of the shanty they both stopped, Bellows reconoiterring for a shot. Seeing the pack of wolves all squatted on their haunches, whining and sniffing between

howls, looking gaunt, an evidence that they had not got his venison in the spring, he espied two in line. Taking steady aim he fired; the sharp crack of his rifle aroused the tired and sleepless prisoners, the pack of wolves sprang on the two wounded ones (as is their nature) and killed them. Mr. Glatt rushed down, axe in hand, and frightened the pack, who ran away before Mr. Bellows could reload his rifle. The two scalps were taken to Smethport, where Mr. Bellows was paid the bounty. The boys were so much astonished and bewildered that it was some time before they recognized their rescuers. The party did not reach the boarding house until nightfall Monday evening. While they remained there they fished for trout nearby to supply the house, never again fishing on Sunday, nor did they have any desire to visit the home of the beaver at the dams. It was noticed that all except Messrs. Bellows and Glatt were silver grey after the occurrence, Mr. Robinson always claiming that grey hair were the result of early piety, the others from sickness.

Shortly after the adventure with the wolves, one day while all the men were at work on the mill, they were much surprised to see a stranger mounted on a fine horse ride up to the mill. In appearance he was a perfect gentleman, but with a rather suspicious look, frequently casting a glance in the direction he came from through the woods. He had a sack of oats from which he fed the horse, and was given his dinner, for which he paid liberally, even insisting on paying more than the price asked for. The suspicions of Mr. Bellows were aroused and he insisted, after a talk with his men, that the man was a horse-thief, and proposed to take him and the horse to Smethport. His men argued that it was a grave and risky piece of work, so the stranger was allowed to go his way unmolested. In a few days James E. Blair, then sheriff of the county, appeared at the mill looking for the gentlemanly stranger, who was a horse-thief, but then a little too late to capture him.

Seven miles east of Kane, on the Smethport road, was where the Chas.

Jones' shanty, once the rendezvous of such hunters as D. Stewart Banks. Ed. Stabler, Noah Parker, Gen. Meigs, F. G. Stanley and others, stood in the midst of a cherry grove and was known as cherry timber camp. Those days the arrival of belated and tired strangers at the shanty from Bradford, Smethport, and even Kane and Mt. Jewett, was a common occurrence, for the Jones shanty was celebrated far and near as the abode of hospitality, especially so when Charley Jones was there. The benighted hunter, or traveller, found there a sincere welcome, and none who enjoyed that friendly shelter and abundant cheer ever departed without regret. In addition to a hearty meal and good bed there was quite a library, composed of such works as "Forty Years a Hunter," by Meshac Browning; "Hints to Riflemen," by C. E. W. Cleveland, and "History of Antiquity," the latter an interesting work and a borrowed one. Mr. Edward Stabler, of Sandy Spring, Md., who was a frequent visitor, related some of his encounters with the grizzlies while hunting in the Rockies. D. Stewart Banks would break the monotony of the long winter evenings relating his experiences while preaching to the Pennsylvania Dutch Presbyterians at Eaton, Pa. He preached a sermon in Kane in the schoolhouse then, now the Mission church. A number are still here who remember that sermon as well as the one preached by the Rev. Wilder, of the M. E. church, in the same house during the visit of Gen. Grant and family.

During one of Charley's hunts in the spring of 1867 he encountered near what is now called West Line, a large she bear and two cubs, the cubs only being in sight. He used a double-barreled rifle. He fired and wounded one of the cubs; its cries brought the mother from a fallen tree top, she coming at him with open mouth and glaring eyes. He fired at the mother quickly, only wounding her slightly. His faithful hunting dog Rover attacked the mother who fled followed by the dog. The unharmed cub was attempting to climb a large hemlock, but it being too large or him to climb would fall back to the ground. Charley determined to capture it alive, when it again attempted to go up the tree. He took hold of

his cubship and pulled it to the ground where, after quite a tussle, he tied its mouth with his suspenders and drove and carried it into Kane. The cub had bitten him severely on the arms and hands, tearing his clothes considerable. He kept the cub until it was two years old, when he killed it and sold the skin to Jessie Orr, of Reading, Pa., for twenty-five dollars. Mr. Jones often said that Mr. Cubbear was the best man he had ever encountered in over one hundred fights while rafting on the Allegheny river. As a neighbor Mr. Jones was generous and sympathetic, always stretching out his hand to the sick and needy. In 1884 he concluded to migrate to Michigan, where game was more plentiful.

From, *Republican*
Kane Pa.
 Date, *Oct. 13* 1893.

EARLY REMINISCENCES OF KANE

A Continuation of the Car Robberies Cases.

ONLY ONE FAMILY NOW RESIDENTS OF KANE

Who Were in Any Way Connected With the Robberies—A Very Interesting Interview, Which Furnishes a Clue to Work By—An Interesting Chapter for Next Week.

Written for THE REPUBLICAN.

CAUTION must now be observed. Neither were possessed of the clairvoyant insight that nearly all detectives claim to have.

Both felt their incapacity for the work to be done by them: both could figure who it was pretty generally, but to get the evidence on which to convict.

Kane was full of desperate men then, who were ever ready to assist in hiding, and especially in covering the tracks and shielding criminals. That some of them had fallen very low was never more clearly shown than the facts in this narrative will.

A number of the company's employees, regardless of their own interests and welfare, and the duty and trust confided in them, had violated every sense of honor entrusted to their keeping. There never was a clearer case of right and wrong, and we will let the intelligent readers pronounce judgment. In recording the crime, candor does not demand that the story be so ingenuously told and constructed, as to make any distinction between the ones who stole the goods or those who received and assisted in concealing them. The repetition here of what occurred, ought not to incur the censure or displeasure of a few still here, who were in nowise connected with the affair, but have vivid recollection of what transpired and the actors. To-day but one family resides in Kane that was in any way connected with the crime, and that was thuswise: A portion of the goods were secreted on little Wilson creek, and at intervals brought here and sold, the family purchasing a cheese, as many afterwards purchased dry goods and notions from peddlers, which were quite numerous those times.

By agreement, the work to be done was divided between Collinge and the chief. The former, clothing, whiskey and Dr. Hostetter's bitters: the latter, coffee, cigars, cheese soap, etcetera. No baronial arrogance was assumed by either, but plenty of vigilance and an equal amount of good judgment was to have been exercised. Many amusing things were seen and participated in by both, and many a hearty laugh had until the death of one, which occurred in 1877. Some of the scenes witnessed were of the ridiculous order, while others were sublime.

At one home, while the marital infelicities were being aired, and with much acrimony, the novice, in the work engaged in, discovered a wash boiler filled with ground coffee, a large stock for a poor family, and purchased from the peddler with the red wagon. "Did he carry soap for sale?" was the inquiry. "He did, and Mrs. So-and-so bought two boxes cheaper than Carlyle & Medbury sells it at the company store, or Haynes B—. The best whiskey, too, for a dollar a gallon. You can get a taste of it next door." The next door was a saloon. Feigning to have a violent attack of the cramps,

and holding that part of his stomach that contained the bowels, and a face apparently distorted with intense agony, he entered the saloon, gasping as he met the gaze of the over-polite lady, "I am dying from the cramps, and spasms of the muscles, have you any good whiskey?" The best in the town, and it's fresh too. Can you wait until I get a pinch of ginger from the store?" "Yes, but make haste Mrs. L——." While the good lady crossed the alley to procure the ginger for the "cramp-killer," time was given the suffering chief to scan the pile of boxes behind the rough counter, (not as fine as the mahogany one that graces the Kane House wine room, but answered the same purpose.) Nicely stowed away under the same were four boxes of soap, two boxes of cheese and a pail of ground coffee. Two boxes of the soap were marked J. L. Murphy, who was then supervisor of tracks between Kane and St. Mary's. Murphy had missed a number of boxes of soap from the old and insecure building used as a freight house. The noise of the approach of the lady with the ginger, brought on a recurrence of the pains, more severe than ever, begging the lady as she entered to hurry up, moaning piteously, "Oh, I'm dying." A large glass filled with whiskey and ginger was handed the patient, with instructions to drink the dose at once. The attempt was made, and finding that the adding of the ginger had neutralized the taste of the so-called best whiskey in Kane, having lost, at least, a little of the worm-wood and gall twang. The entire potion had been swallowed, pay offered, which was refused, the chief being profuse in his thanks to the lady for her kindness, telling her that he had already been much relieved. "Never mind, my dear sir, the remedy has never failed in cramps," was the kindly reply of the duped lady. The large quantity of the remedy taken and the warmth of the brain seemingly already, was a premonition that home was now the place for him, and off he started, the distance being short, but a stupor over-took him as he reached the house. The wife, seeing his condition, sent word to the night despatcher that her husband had been taken ill and that he must take charge of the yard, which he did and the husband

helped to a lounge where he lay and slept off the effects of the sure cure for cramps. There was less inclination to gossiping then than now, so the real cause of the chief's illness was never known outside of his own family and his assistant in detective work.

The trip a few days afterwards to a saloon in the "bush," where a stock of the Gen. Grant brand of cigars had been discovered, and which were not secreted, as the purchaser was an innocent party and in nowise connected in the theft of any of the goods from the cars. "Anything that's cheap and good profit, I buys all de while, sometimes." "Yes, but these are stolen cigars," said the enquirer, wanting to know how he came into possession of them. "I don't steal them, only mit tree dollars a tous-and I show my book." With a little nervousness and trepidation the book was produced, which contained the following entry with receipt attached: "Mr. M—, bought of Thos. ———, 9,000 Gen. Grant cigars, at \$3 per M, \$27.—(Paid)." The receipt read, "Received of Mr. M——, \$27 cash for 9,000 Gen. Grant cigars, in full. Signed, Thomas ———." "How can he sell them so cheap? I think he steals them." "No, he says they come from Canada." "Does he peddle?" "Yes." "Well, does he deal in soap, cheese or bitters of any kind?" Yes, dot sort," pointing to a dozen bottles of Hostetter's bitters on a shelf. "At what price?" inquired the chief. "Four dollors a dozen." "Is that cheap?" "Yes, one-half cheap." "Did you buy any soap, cheese or other goods of him?" "Not dot times." "Well, any other time?" "I don't can tell now." "Why not?" "You got me purty fraid yooost now." "Well, when did you make the first purchase of goods from this peddler, Thomas ———?" "Wot you say, purchase? No, no, I pay him cash." "But when? how long since?" "I can't—don't know dot. Take a glass of beer and let dis tings alone." "Well sir," said the chief, "the peddler and yourself will be promptly arrested, you for receiving stolen goods and he for selling them to you." "Oh, mein Got, what you mean? I go and bring him here right quick," "Never mind sir, you will only complicate the matter and criminate yourself and family." "Wot you say, I do all mineself?" Then, scratching his head

as if doubting. "For wot you ask me funny tings?" "Well sir, you have a very interesting family, and quite a nice fellow yourself." "I know dot mincself too," interposed the now seemingly terrified man, as a slight but perceptible tremor was noticeable in him. The allusion to his family probably changed the current of his thoughts. With a little show of bravery, he said, "Wot you want?" This was uttered with a regretful air, as if the speaker was impelled by a resistless fear. This little speech was brave in sound, but was a dismal failure, for physically the yardmaster was greatly superior to his cowering antagonist, while to personal fear he was by nature and habit a stranger, (having many years before torn the word fear from out of his dictionary, as nearly all Pinkerton's do not.) In a tone of easy superiority, he replied, "Well, Mr. —, you are a little queer in spots. Now sit down here and be easy. I am not a fool, and at all events, not a coward and know what I am doing, and before I am through I will give reasons as plenty as blackberries for my questions. The goods you have in your possession were stolen from cars in the P. & E. yard, not by you, but you have received them, and acknowledge it, your book being a silent witness that cannot be contradicted. I know you are not connected with the theft, but you are, however, technically guilty. Now, sir, with a distinct understanding that you do not divulge to any one, not even your wife—" "Oh, she knows I got dem as well as mineself, but she don't know who dem fellows was, dey comes by night," broke in Mr. M—. "So much the more guilty," replied the chief, sternly. "Me too?" "In the eyes of the law you are, but not in mine." "Oh, by chiminy, I see now, dot wot comes in the night times was wosser den all." "Now you understand that you are not to say anything to any person living, and your name will never be mentioned in the matter, neither will you be molested in any way whatever." "I swear I never would. And now, by chiminy, I told you where is more cigars like mine, and a party good deal of bitters." And where they got them?" says the questioner. "Oh, by golly I don't know dot." Being satisfied that the party so well supplied with a stock of the stolen articles, as

related by Mr. M—, was already known, he was not pressed further at this time.

(To be Continued next week.)

From, *Republican*

Kane Pa.

Date, *Oct. 20* 1893,

EARLY REMINISCENCES OF KANE

The Chief's Assistant Has an Interview.

THE SALOON KEEPER ASKS FOR INFORMATION

In Regards to His Safety—The Superintendent Compliments the Detectives and Bids Them Continue On—A Wiley Little Customer—Sold to the Wrong Man.

Written for THE REPUBLICAN.

THE movements of the peddler and his red vehicle were closely watched by the chief and his assistant, Mr. Collinge, who was making rapid progress in all he had undertaken.

"I'd like to see you prove it," retorted the lady, who Mr. Collinge discovered cutting up some new clothing to make garments for her children. "My husband bought two suits for himself of Mr. Coleman, and after getting both wet the first time he wore them they were too small, so I cut them up for the children." "Let me have a sample of each, I admire the goods and would like to get a suit of clothes for myself." "No," replied the lady. "Mr. Coleman might be displeased." "Your husband never bought the suits of Mr. Coleman, he doesn't deal there." "Well, you step in to-morrow, dinner is about ready and my husband will be in." "All right, do not speak to him about it." "I will not," said she.

Collinge hastened to inform his chief of the discovery he had made, but before relating it a gush of laughter flowed from nature's fountain that caused the chief to smile. "Would it

be christian-like to rob the children of their little winter suits? I'll not do it." "Neither will I," replied the chief. "Let us drop that part of it" "Agreed," said both in the same breath. and the little shavers wore their conjured up suits during the winter. One of them is now a prosperous business man in Michigan.

A man who succeeded Charley Marsh in the railroad boarding house, ran out of cigars before an ordered lot came. He was asked to go and purchase a few hundred cigars from Mr. —, store keeper in the bush, and to be sure to choose the Gen. Grant brand. He went, telling the store keeper he wished to purchase a few cigars until those ordered by him arrived. The merchant was quite anxious to accommodate him, and cheap—one dollar per hundred—at the same time cautioning him to be careful, as he feared the cigars had been stolen: that he bought them very cheap from a peddler, who might have got them from a gang who were robbing cars in the yard. "Oh, then I do not want them," and the boarding house man could not be persuaded to take them at any price. "Are the cars being robbed here?" "I have been told so," replied the store keeper. "Have you bought any other goods, and from other than the peddler you spoke of?" "Only one gross of Hostetter's bitters from the peddler, yes, sir, but please do not mention what I told you." "Do the officials here know of the robberies? I have noticed the yard master around several places across the way, an unusual thing for him. Does he visit your place?" "Lately he has." "Did he ask any questions that aroused your suspicions?" "He did not, but the car inspector, Mr. Collinge who was, with him, did." "Well, what were the nature of his questions?" "He looked at and priced some ready made clothing." "That's nothing strange for him there being no tailor here. Did you get your ready made clothing from the peddler?" "Only a small lot." After being cautioned again to secrecy by the store-keeper, Mr. Jones (hold on Quaker) the boarding house keeper left to report.

After hearing what the boarding house man had learned, the yard master (or chief) and Collinge became much more interested in the affairs con-

nected with the stealings, and the prominence of some of the guilty ones, and all had friends, who it was only natural to assume, were on the look-out if any suspicions were had that any one in the village was suspected. Nothing had yet transpired to show that either the chief or Collinge were suspected, of being on the track of any of them.

In the course of time the even flow of events was interrupted by the saloon keeper, who said to the chief in an excited manner one day, "I want to know whether I am getting into a scrape or not?" "As I told you before, I certainly have no purpose or desire to bring trouble upon you if you remain quiet. You can only compromise yourself by your own misconduct, and there is nothing at present to indicate that your connection with this business is legitimate and proper. But remember, if this case should be prosecuted, which it never will, be because you have dealt with a thief makes it the more necessary, for your own safety, to not say a word to any one until I tell you to do so." "By chiminy dot's so, and I never told somebody at all."

Now having allayed the fears of the uneasy saloon keeper, the work was again proceeded with, and success seemed to crown each move of the thief hunters. Soon, however, another obstacle presented itself, that for a short time threatened trouble and exposures that might alarm all those who the wily detectives had in their toils. Col. Lawrence, the superintendent, was getting impatient, and was urging celerity in the work. Both advised the superintendent that he must, if he desired to have the case hurried, send men up to relieve both of their other duties in Kane, at the same time advising him that such a change might create a suspicion among some one of those implicated. The reply came to use the method that would insure success, and take your time, you are doing the work well and to my entire satisfaction. You are the two men I can depend on: proceed cautiously: report occasionally, by letter only. Do not under any consideration use the wire in communicating with me in this matter. Your pleasure is mine. I need hardly caution either of you to observe reticence in regard to this matter. You both seem to have the necessary prudence required.

Being free to act, pride, not less than reputation and duty, stimulated both to make the investigation thorough. So far everything had happened according to expectation, except a little uneasiness on the part of a young man who was an apprentice to telegraphing in the despatcher's office, a part of the same being used as a telegraph office. It was not imaginary as future events will show.

Both felt like a certain eminent physician that at the age of three-score and ten, fell mortally ill of the measles. As the rigors of the last agony were approaching, he remarked: "I have nothing to fear; no regrets to express at being cut down at the height of my usefulness, but it is hard, hard, very hard, after facing death for half a century in all its forms: after passing many times unharmed through the plagues and pestilences, to perish at last of a baby disease." Both were determined, if possible, not to be outwitted by a mere lad. Every ingenuity was exerted by each to circumvent him. Unpracticed in the arts of detection, except that given them by nature, and the little learned since engaging on this case, but feeling equal to any emergency, made it a point whenever he was in the presence of either one, to speak jokingly about cars being robbed in Kane. "It's only the talk of old women. The railroad company have a clue. The stealing is all being done East of Renovo. Col. Lawrence says so, for he has means of ascertaining a knowledge of all these things that are not possessed by the gossipers of Kane." Often he would loiter around where the yard master or Collinge were, always listening to any conversation the yard master was engaged in while in his office, which was separated from the telegraph office by a lattice work only. One day when he was near by, the yardmaster said, well, they have caught the robbers at Lock Haven. The lad went into the telegraph department and said: "Joe,—the surname of the operator—did you hear of the capture of the robbers at Lock Haven?" Luckily Joe answered "Yes, they have caught six of them." "There," said he, "the cars are not being robbed here." "I always knew they were," answered Joe. Still this did not entirely disabuse his mind, as he continued to dog the

yardmaster and Collinge, who, except the yard master, W. C. Long, then freight and ticket agent here, and the local freight conductor's, had a key for Northern Central cars—was a tartar, and caused too much thought.

Finally they ascertained that before coming here, the track foreman had been employed in a like capacity on the Northern Central railway. This was valuable, and the cud was chewed with a good deal of satisfaction by both, and their suspicions were correct, he was one of the gang. The blunder in choosing him to watch the car with Collinge when the stealings were first discovered, could now go to Collinge for consolation with a good grace. It was well he made the blunder in having him, otherwise he might not have been suspicioned at all, as there was not a particle of anything ever discovered on or about his premises, although his wife admitted before she left, that her husband was out frequently nearly all night during the time the stealing was being done, but she declared she never knew where he spent the time. This, perhaps, was true, as subsequent events showed she was at least a good christian lady, and perhaps did not have the remotest idea her husband was one of a gang of thieves.

Mr. Collinge, for some unknown reason that was never fully explained by him to the chief or Superintendent Lawrence, had a suspicion that a laborer on the track, who had always been above suspicion, was one of the thieves. Cautiously proceeding, and never for an hour ceasing his watchfulness, he adroitly contrived to mislead his man, that he never discovered his artifices until after he had offered to sell Collinge a large cheese, which was quickly purchased and delivered that night. As Collinge afterwards said, a sleepless night for him, with all the persuasive powers at his command, day was dawning before he had fully convinced the now alarmed truckman that there was some trouble. "Why didn't you ask me where I got the cheese?" said the Hickite. "What the o—I do I care if you stole the cheese, it matters not a farthing. I needed the cheese and you the money." "I can sleep now, but I was badly scared after selling it to you," said the Hickite. "Have you another like it?" asked Mr. Collinge quickly.

Thrown off his guard for a moment, said. "No sir, but know of one or two—oh, no, they are sold I think." "Come, come," said Collinge. The man exacted a promise from Collinge, which he considered binding as an oath, and agreed to see him the night following.

(To be Continued next week.)

From, *Republican*
Kane *Dal.*

Date, *Oct. 27* 1893,

EARLY REMINISCENCES OF KANE

A Tab Kept on the Store-
keeper in the Bush.

HE WAS UNLIKE AN EARLY PIONEER KANE LAWYER

A Pen Picture of the Central Figure of this Sketch—A Customer Whose Calls were Not Encouraged—Warned by a Minister to Quit Dealing in Bitters.

Written for THE REPUBLICAN.

THE YARD MASTER, with the facilities at his command, was carefully noting the movements of the store proprietor in the bush, who if not on the look-out for something to happen, was acting a little strange, having had several conferences with the boarding house keeper who finally succeeded in convincing him that Kane was the last place that would ever be suspicioned. "There are hundreds of men at work here, some of them around all hours of the night, how could the cars be entered and robbed?" "That's so, too. I never thought of that before," said the merchant. Soon after the yard master was passing the store, when he was called in on some pretext so vague that it was utterly unintelligible as to its true meaning or object. It only required a few moments conversation to satisfy the yard master that the store keeper was unlike an early pioneer Kane lawyer, who, to make an impression upon

the mind of an unfortunate client, that in his extremity had promised a jack-knife for a fee, looked wise and sharp, dreading every minute lest some one would come in with a dun for seventy-five cents his client had obtained under false pretense. He was cool, brave, determined, self-reliant, of quick invention and great mental resources, equally ready to employ cunning or force for the accomplishment of his ends. It was soon plain to the visitor he called in to interview, that he possessed the essential outfit of a daring and dangerous rogue. A description of the man would be interesting to the readers who have never seen him. He was about five feet nine inches tall; broad shouldered, though thin through the chest, with hair and beard, so black, that they glistened like the skin of some reptiles, thin bloodless lips contracting firmly around a small mouth. A vocabulary as well stored with words as the candidates, who were in Kane on G. A. R. day last week. Small, repellent eyes that sparkled with a snakish lustre that was peculiar, he could if he chose, face a storm of denunciation and obloquy, with the freezing stolidity of our constable. Then, if it better suited his purpose, he could, and would strike back with any weapon that came to hand. Such an antagonist, it was easily conjectured, was not a safe one to encounter at a disadvantage. It required a great deal of courage and sustained effort to look down into those cold, glossy, treacherous eyes—for this was now the strong forte of his visitor. As remarkable discoveries are often made by gazing from above into the windows of the soul, provided the fellow has one, which admitted of a doubt with this fellow. Just here a door opened and a customer stepped in. "Mr. So-and-so says please send him over half-a-dozen bottles of them bitters he has been getting here," "Have you an order for the bitters?" "No, sir. He said I didn't need it." A strange pallor came over the face of the storekeeper as he said sharply to the customer, "Tell him he must send the price." Soon as the man left the storekeeper said, "I will lock up and go out awhile, he will not send the price, and I don't care to refuse him credit. He's a good customer. But," said he, after locking the door, "the real object in refusing him was, the temperance crank

that preached occasionally back of the round house, came into my store last Monday and gave me a lecture for selling bitters, and threatened a prosecution. He exacted a promise from me that I would not keep any bitters for sale hereafter. A trap has been set for me, the man who came for the bitters attends the meetings. This Methodist preacher will give me and all others who deal in liquor, trouble, I see it. I'll dispose of what I have in stock and quit the business." "Is the business a profitable one?" said the visitor in a careless manner. "Well, now, see here, this is just why I called you in." Having now reached the large lumber piles of the railroad company, that was used in the construction of the shops, "Sit down here I wish to have a confidential talk with you about a matter. Have you any definite knowledge that cars are being robbed here?" said he. Assuming a wise and surprised look, the yard master replied in the negative, with much astonishment, "I signed of course

From, *Republican*
Kane Pa.

Date, *Nov. 13* 1893.

EARLY REMINISCENCES OF KANE

The Chief's Curiosity Aroused.

COLLINGS HAS THE CONFIDENCE OF HIS VICTIMS

And Compliments the Track Foreman on His Abilities—Yardy and Dutchy Have a Little Bout—Startling Revelations to be Made in the Next Letter.

Written for THE REPUBLICAN.

"THIS is news to me. I don't understand you. What do you mean?" the store-keeper stammered forth, as if a lie was sticking in his throat. "Why, don't you know it?" his face showing an outline that had an expression of guilt, that was plainly

visible, as if undergoing a terrible mental agony, at the same time hesitating to proceed any farther in the conversation. The yard-master then inquired in a low, seemingly confidential whisper, "Well, what do you know about the robbing of cars here? You have excited my curiosity; go on, and tell me what you know of it." The rogue fully appreciated the irony and the predicament in which he had placed himself, but his muscles never relaxed, and after again being assured by the yard-master that he knew of cars being robbed, and quite extensively, but that there was not the remotest idea or suspicion that it was being done here, he became calmer, saying, "If you were given a pointer, would you give it to your superior officers?" "Not unless suspicion rested on me, either of dereliction of duty or of being implicated. The company have special men employed for that purpose: my duties do not include any detective services." All peril seemed to vanish with this information and assurance on the part of the yard-master. "Provided," said he, "that my person or property is no way jeopardized by any investigation of what I shall relate. You come to my store to-night after I close. Not through me, I pledge you my sacred word of honor. It is a safe rule to beware of the man who parades voluminous information. The worthy do not need them, and the self-regardful do not offer them except in emergencies of such gravity that discernment of the reasons and wherefores are to be scrutinized with great caution, so as not to be misled in the proffered aid and the iniquitous scheme that lurks in the back-ground.

Collings was making great headway in his part of the work assigned him. He had succeeded in winning the entire confidence of nearly all of his intended victims in this crime. His allusions had their effect. Now and then he would lubricate the approaches to his trap with one of his funny stories, of which he had an inexhaustible fund. His manner of inquiry was so easy and familiar, that about every criminal sucker bit at his bait. One instance of a shrewd fellow, who was implicated, he approached thus-wise: How a man, possessing such marked ability and

energy could be induced to work on the track, where there were so many risks and responsibilities, when other ways were open for making money so much more easily and rapidly. "Why do you act as track foreman?" "What do you mean?" inquired the track boss, thoroughly on the alert. "Why don't you get a contract from the railroad company?" said Collinge in a low, confidential, insinuating whisper. "I'll see you again. Here comes Mr. —, the saloon-keeper." Matters were assuming a queer shape just now. Why was the saloon-keeper there then? But the yard master coming up in the nick of time, or thust when wanting werry much, as Bill Nyc would say, and he engaged our saloon man, who wore a frustrated look, countenance not being the serenest. "How do, Mr. —?" "What's on your mind?" said Yardy. "I'm poorty much sorry, and I'm very much not like to help in dis tings." "What things?" "Don't you bodder your own selspt about dot. Tom see much trouble he-self, since he have talk from de store-keeper he tells Tom he don't can't bought any more from him. May be you got some friends like you own selspt in dis business. How ish dot, said de Tom. You store keeper do shust vhat I please, and you make no more fool of mine own self. Now, by chiminy, wot you diuks was de matter dermit dot fellow? I get no more skart after dis time, py tam. I settle dis ting quick by told it all." "Now, see here, you are getting spotted again all over. Don't make a fool of yourself." "Shtop, don't make fool you-own-self. I skart like wen I was a solger, only much worsen. By tam, disting ish not good. Me'n don't like dem." "Very well, you shall not be harmed." "But, by chiminy, arrested. und dot ish worsen as harmed. ain't it?" "No, no. You go and tell Tom." "I did told him one onder time."

To be continued.

From, *Republican*
Kane Pa.
Date, *Nov. 10* 1893,

EARLY REMINISCENCES OF KANE

Collinge Receives all the Attention.

THE APPRENTICE CONTINUES TO GIVE THEM

Lots of Trouble and Inoportune Visits—Yardy and His Assistant Invent a New Scheme—Yardy Makes an Explanation—The Trap is Well Set and the Apprentice Ensnared.

Written for THE REPUBLICAN.

HAVING succeeded once more in allaying the fears of the merchant, Tom the pedler, and the erratic saloon keeper, the apprenticed telegrapher could not be persuaded to throw care to the dogs, or bury his bother under the snow to go off with the first spring freshet, so great were his suspicions and watchfulness, that at times he seemed almost delirious with excitement. At times he would almost cross the bounds of prudence in his watchfulness of the every move made by the yardmaster and Collinge. The latter seemed to get the most attention from the young rascal. Not infrequently would Mr. Collinge ask Yardy, if he had any advice to offer relative to this young scamp who is now our only source of trouble in consumating our undertaking, at times almost dumb with surprise at the actions of the chap, and at the turns things would take.

After following a clue most patiently and diligently for a week or more, Yardy was so sure, and so was Collinge, that they had the prey within their grasp, and everything worked like a charm, and the end nigh, when all at once the apprenticed telegrapher would appear to one or the other and say, "I would like to speak with you privately," and then pretend to be incredulous, but

have no look to hang a doubt on, or drop a word but that was so completely meaningless, that neither one could for a moment divine his object in seeking these interviews at these particular times.

About the third call made by him, both Yardy and Collinge were together, and as he approached both were gesticulating and talking very earnestly. As he came near, Collinge moved away as had been arranged, and seemingly in an unpleasant mood.

"What's the matter with Mr. Collinge?" he said as he came up.

"Oh, nothing," replied Yardy, "only he has been duped and deceived by a few persons here. I may as well be frank in this matter. Many goods of various kinds, and at different times, have been short on the arrival of cars at their destinations. And as many of them have lain on the side tracks in the yard here for weeks and longer, some of the company's detectives have suggested to the officials that the stealing was done here. But owing to the large number of men that were employed here, thought it would be impracticable for them to come here and attempt to ferret out the criminals, if any here. So the officials coincided with them, and Mr. Collinge was chosen to do the work, and myself detailed to render him aid when called upon, or convinced that he had any clue. Soon as Mr. Collinge engaged in the work, he indiscreetly made confidants of several of the worst and well known gossipers of the town, whose stories if listened to would have been the cause of the one-half of the residents being arrested, as it was nearly all under surveillance for some time. But at last Mr. Collinge has become satisfied beyond a doubt, that Kane is not the point. He has just came to me for advice in the matter. I told him that there was only one thing for him to do in my opinion, and that was this: that if I were him, and was in his place, I would go to each individual suspicioned and take them by the hand in turn, and would say: "My old friend and neighbor, forgive me for all I have said or done in this matter. I had what I supposed to be undeniable proof of your dishonesty, and in this belief was sustained, and urged on by a few who I have found out to be unmiti-

gated liars and mischief makers, beyond successful contradiction. Now that the mystery is explained, and the innocence of all established, I ask your pardon."

"Allow me to be the first to congratulate you." "This is the only reparation that Mr. Collinge can make to all for the imaginary injury done them. This much at least is due to all of them. The mistake was not really his, and the apology ought, under the circumstances, be amply satisfactory." "Now, see here," said the completely dumb-founded telegraph apprentice, "I believe that he suspicioned my folks."

"Oh, no. You can rest assured he did not. I know of what I tell you. But I think they volunteered information to him."

"What! our folks?"

"No, they," I said.

"Oh! now I understand you. Will Collinge do as you told him?"

"Oh, of course he will, but not hurriedly," I replied.

"You don't know how much I feared my folks were in it."

"Oh, pshaw," said Yardy, "I didn't." Now he must be watched closely.

From, *Republican*
Kane Pa.
Date, *Nov. 17* 1893.

EARLY REMINISCENCES OF KANE

The Apprentice Thrown off His Guard.

SUPT. J. J. LAWRENCE MAKES A BAD BREAK

The Assistant Confident he Was on the Right Trail—A Suspects wife Takes a Hand—Yardy And Collinge Engulfed in a Mist—They get the Laugh on the Colonel.

Written for THE REPUBLICAN.

COLLINGE, after a few days of mature deliberation, proceeded to apologize, but in every instance he made the amends, to those in no way connected in the robberies. This threw the tele-

graph apprentice entirely off his guard and at sea. However he watched Collinge closely, scarcely a move being made by him but that he was keenly and shrewdly observed.

At length seemingly satisfied that what had been told him by Yardy, was the truth, and from this time until the inexcusable blunder made by Superintendent Lawrence, he was apparently unconcerned about the matter, paying no attention to Mr. Collinge or the yard-master. Collinge was not long in securing sufficient evidence, and of a conclusive and damaging nature against a party, who was one of the most trusted employees of the company and holding quiet a prominent position, suspected by no one except Collinge. Col. J. J. Lawrence, superintendent of middle division had the most implicit confidence, as to the integrity and honesty of this employee and cautioned both Collinge and the yardmaster to be positive of the guilt of the suspect before preferring charges or even intimating his guilty connection in any way. Collinge argued with much warmth on several occasions, that while he had no proof of guilt, but had had a premonition for some time that he was unable to dismiss from his mind after strenuous efforts to do so, that the fellow was not only a genuine yankee, and a rascal, but the pet of every officer of the railroad company.

All have these appendage attached and sometimes it requires more than prima facie proof to convince the devoted that their chosen one is anything but an argue, even when the wings are not sprouted. But Collinge and Yardy were equal to the emergency in this case Collinge while watching the movements of his man noticed that his wife acted as his substitute. He further observed that she carefully scrutinized every move he made in almost every direction and not infrequently she was seen by him in localities out the way. Thus, by logic necessity, the hunt was narrowed down, and he was forced to the conclusion that he must look for the whiskey and the thief of it in that family. So far reason assured him that he was right, but the apprehension born of guilt and perplexity suggested that after all he might be wrong.

For five days he worked and studied uninterruptedly, and as a reward for

all this toil of body and mind, he had not yet discovered a tangible clue to connect his man with the crime, though still entertaining not the slightest doubt of his guilt. The obvious point in the investigation was to learn if the thief had disposed of any of the stolen whisky or other goods he was supposed to have in his possession or hidden on the premises, and if so, to find out whether they could in any way be tracked back to him.

He now began the hunt in earnest, going over the ground prudently, coolly and carefully seeing the parties one by one, and listening critically to the story of each still there was no crucial fact that seemed likely to give him a clue by which he would be able to fasten the guilt upon the man, of many friends all of whom thought him the innocent one of all others. The case now gave Collinge unaccountable solicitude to to have the matter hunted up, and the crime placed on the suspected ones, as otherwise he and the yardmaster would be left to share the suspicion of being implicated themselves.

Here is where necessity of self-preservation became the mother of invention as it never had before. The opinion of both seemed to be unerringly correct in their own minds, though based in this man's case on shreds of evidence that fell far short of legal proof.

The two wisecrackers were now groping in the dark, or rather playing the game of blind man's buff. Superintendent Lawrence was becoming more and more impatient each day and week, at times intimating to his two worthies that a myth was being chased by them, and that their method of procedure was somewhat peculiar. In several of his letters he used expressions of this kind, "Are our thieves plenty around Kane and do they make frequent visits from out the woods? Have you discovered their headquarters, or is Jim Jacobs the paralytic Indian connected with the robberies, if he is, will you please treat him with characteristic urbanity and kindness, as he seems to be a kind of a privileged chap among the Kane people." Then again with words of kindly encouragement the Colonel would advise us to scrutinize every point and go over the ground carefully. This only served at times

to discourage his faithful workers. However, in the end the old thread bare saying, "he that laughs last laughs best." The laugh was on the Colonel at the outcome.

A new discovery was now made by Yardy and Collinge.

From, *Reporter*
Port Allegany Pa.
 Date, *Dec. 8th 1893.*

EARLY REMINISCENCES.

In the spring of 1847 we were living on our old place one mile east of East Smethport. An old man, tired and hungry, called at our door and asked for a night's lodging and refreshments. This was before the advent of tramps had made everyone afraid of every man who carried his own bundle, and when it was a shame to refuse hospitality to a weary traveller, and "stranger was a holy name." After partaking of a hearty supper he inquired how far it was to the Canoe Place. I informed him. He then told me that fifty-two years before, he was one of a party who gave the place its name. I will give the narrative in his own words as I can remember them:

"Fifty-two years ago this month, I was one of a party of twenty men who started from Northumberland to find homes in the west. We had two canoes and one horse for packing; were to follow an Indian trail along the streams. We came up the west branch of the Susquehanna to the mouth of the Sinnemahoning. Then up that stream to what is now Emporium. There we left our canoe and put all we could carry on the horse, and every man took all he could carry and started on the tramp through the woods to the Allegany waters. I well remember my share of the luggage was a heavy log chain. I was then a

boy fourteen years old. Some person had been through before and marked the trees or blazed them, so we had some guide. Soon after we started up the Sinnemahoning portage we came to a well-beaten path made by deer and elk, which led to a salt spring at what is now Gardeau. After following this path nearly a mile, someone challenged that there were no blazes. Sure enough, we had been so pleased with our nice path that we had forgotten to look for the marked trees. So we had to carry our heavy loads back about a mile till we found the marked trees. We proceeded to the summit and camped there till morning, and then came down the Allegany portage to what is now Davis' Flats near the old red house bridge. We camped there a week. The men cut down two large pine trees and made them into canoes. As our provisions were getting short my business was digging leeks and cooking them while we were camped there. Then we started down the Allegany in our canoes. When we reached the Indian reservation of the chief corn-planter we bought a bushel of musty corn for which we paid him two dollars. Then we proceeded down the river to some point near what is now Jamestown, and in the morning fourteen miles would finish our journey. But alas! Our provisions were entirely exhausted with the exception of a handful of the musty corn. Soon after lighting our fires an owl hooted directly over our heads. One of the men shot the owl. Here I thought is something for our breakfast. So I picked and dressed the owl and put it boiling in a camp kettle. All that night I sat up and kept the owl boiling, and I did not mind sitting up all night if I could have something for breakfast in the morning. I had put the handful of corn in with the owl. In the morning I found the bird was just as tough as when I put it boiling. Devil a bit could I get off its bones. Then I

learned the meaning of the saying 'As tough as a boiled owl.' Some of the men said they would not eat the owl but would eat the corn, and every man who tasted it was deadly sick, so I inferred that it was a deadly poison. The next day our weary journey was ended. Three brothers of our party by the name of James settled there and founded Jamestown."

The old man had suffered from a slight shock of palsy but his mind seemed bright and active. He told me he had been a flat-boatman on the Ohio for twenty years. It brought to my mind a boat song I had often heard in my early childhood of which the refrain was: "Row, row, boatman, row, going down the river on the Ohio." He seemed a perfect walking history of the times of which he spoke. Had been a personal friend of Daniel Boone, the first settler and Indian fighter in Kentucky; was well acquainted with Aaron Burr and Blennerhasset at the time Burr was forming his traitorous designs on our government at Blennerhasset island. He had often been employed to take messages to friends of theirs on the mainland, though utterly unacquainted with their treasonable contents. The old man said he was a bachelor and his home was near the mouth of the Clarion river. He was then going to Wellsborough to see a land agent regarding some claim he held on a piece of land. In the morning when he offered to pay us for his entertainment I told him I was indebted to him for a very pleasant evening and all I would take was a promise that he would spend another evening on his return, with us, which he accordingly did.

E. M. SHURTZ.

From, *Republican*

Name *Kane* *Par.*

Date, *Dec. 22^d 1893,*

EARLY KANE REMINISCENCES

In Which a Surveyor Figures Conspicuously.

A PET BEAR OF THOMAS CAMPBELL'S AFFORDS

Considerable Amusement at the Surveyor's Expense. Who Thought to Institute Diplomatic Relations—Explanations Sets Everything Aright—An Incident that is yet Fresh In the Minds of Many.

LATE IN THE FALL of 1864, John Borroway, a hunter of some repute and surveyor, left Renshaw to look after some lands near Kane and owned by parties in the east.

Kane was not as populous a place then as now. The snow was over five feet deep when he reached here, and there were indications of a thaw. There was as he described it a thick haze in the air, almost as dense as the smoke from a forest fire.

He left what was then termed a hotel here in those days. The Jones boarding house, loaded down with provisions, compass, maps and his trusty double barreled shot gun the only weapon carried by the Renshaw hunters or rather land surveyors. As he told us the story and adventure, he was almost compelled to grope his way through the fog or haze in the direction of Highland Corners. There was no road from Kane to the Corners. Sometime during the afternoon he reached the outskirts of the Warren turnpike and one or two houses which then comprised the village of Highland Corners. The road, Mr. Burroway said, was called a turnpike because when a mudhole in the road became impassible a road was cut around the mudhole, and hence the name, (its about the way

the supervisors at Russell City repair the road at this day.)

Mr. Burroway passed the home of Levi Ellithorp, from whom he got some information as to the location of the prospective lands he was in search of. While going through the woods after leaving the Ellithorp habitation he noticed some animal approaching. Burroway was short sighted, and at the first glance he took the quadruped for one of Ellithorp's calves. A closer examination, however, established the probability that it was a large Newfoundland dog. Mr. Burroway was about to institute diplomatic courtesies that would be likely to occasion friendly relations with the visitor when another look told him it was neither a calf or a dog, but a large black—a big black bear as Billy Black, of Smethport, would say, and getting in rather too close proximity to me, and Billy would have shot, and then tried conclusions at close quarters if need be.

Burroway, however, with a haste that was surprising to himself, ran away in the direction of Ellithorp's house. The kitchen door which was open and nearer to him than the front door, he rushed into the kitchen, slammed and bolted the door, falling exhausted into a chair in an almost fainting condition. Just then he heard the bear scratch at the door, fancying he could feel its hot breath through the narrow partition. He ran into the next room thinking to alarm the household when he saw through the window Mr. and Mrs. Ellithorp approaching from the barn where they had been feeding the stock; when they entered the house and discovered the trepidation of Mr. Burroway and learned the cause of his fright. Mr. Ellithorp asked him to step to the now open kitchen door. There sat the bear on its haunches, apparently in a rage at being deprived of its prey. Mr. Burroway was congratulating himself on his escape when Mr. Ellithorp told him that it was a pet bear belonging to a neighbor, Thomas Campbell. Just then one of Mr. Ellithorp's small boys—probably the now successful lumberman, Henry O. Ellithorp, of Carlo.—approached the bear and Burroway, not satisfied that it was a pet, closed his eyes, expecting to hear an infantile shriek followed by the crush-

ing of bones and growls of the bear, a thirsty animal. Not hearing anything so horrifying he opened his eyes only to see the boy patting the bear on the head, while the pet bruin sniffed at him good naturedly. Mr. Campbell came up just then and said, "are you admiring my pet bear stranger?" "Yes sir, I am admiring him just now, but he has given me a confounded run and scare." "Why sir, he's as tame as any dog you ever saw, and wouldn't harm any one. He's a beauty, isn't he?" "Well, I can't say he is," replied Mr. Burroway, "he caused me to lose my gun, compass and provisions down in the woods there, but of course you gentlemen will accompany me, which they did, picking up the articles piece-meal, and returned to Mr. Ellithorp's for the night. During the evening Burroway requested Ellithorp to again describe the location of the lands he sought as he had forgotten what he had been told the day previous. Next morning he started into the woods stung by the twists of cowardice, determined to kill a wild bear which he did in a terrible hand to hand fight. OLD SETTLER.

From, *Republican*

Name *Pa.*

Date, *July 20th 1894.*

BUCKTAIL REUNION

Fast Approaches and time
to be Up and Doing.

IT SHOULD BE MADE A MEMORABLE EVENT IN

The History of the Organization—Our Hospitality Will be Taxed to Its Uttermost—The Story of the Bucktails Entry Into Harrisburg Graphically Related—What is Your Disposition, Citizens?

The time is rapidly approaching when the veterans of the old Bucktail Regiment will be with us and movements should at once be inaugurated to give

them a hearty reception. The Citizens Committee, appointed some weeks ago by Capt. Thomas L. Kane, whose names were announced at that time, will have full discretion in arranging the programme. C. H. Kemp, Esq., one of our most energetic citizens, is Chairman of that Committee and that all the details will be looked for in a most thorough and intelligent manner, no one will doubt who knows the man.

The reunion will occur on the 23d and 24th days of August. The veterans will come from all sections of the State and will be accompanied by their wives, sons and daughters. There will be an influx of people to the town during those two days, of immediate friends and acquaintances of the Bucktails, as well as the veterans of other regiments, which will tax our hospitality to a degree we are seldom called upon to exercise. But Kane will be equal to the emergency. The young city on the mountain never does things by halves. The old veterans will not regret their visit here. By that time we expect to have our magnificent dancing platform in Woodland Grove, covered with an iron roof, and the "little corporal," secretary W. H. Rauch of the Association, and his estimable wife, the assistant secretary, will have ample space in which to hold their annual reception.

The record made by the veterans of the Bucktail regiment is one that will endure as long as the mighty events of 1861 to 1865 are emblazoned in our country's history. Their army record was one of daring and frequently of the most hazardous undertakings. Their officers were brave and at times even to rashness. They were recruited, principally, from the woodsmen of the wildest sections of the Commonwealth, where they had braved dangers from boyhood. Their intrepid leaders, of which Gen. Thos. L. Kane was the most conspicuous, never commanded them to march or charge without taking the lead. Their losses were great and constant recruiting was necessary in the sections from which they came to fill their decimated ranks. The appearance they made when they first marched into Harrisburg early in '61 is graphically described in a late issue of the *Harrisburg Telegraph* as follows:

"How many of Harrisburg's people remember the old original Bucktails

from the Northwestern part of the State? It was on a warm day that they dropped into Harrisburg and marched to Camp Curtin to be mustered into the army to fight for their country. The appearance of the Bucktails differed very much from that of any other troops that had come to Harrisburg. There had been many companies in Zouave uniform, many in grey and blue and green with all sorts of trimmings and gold lace, and all of them were quite fancy before they put on their business suits of blue furnished by Uncle Sam. But the Bucktails were not fancy. They looked business from the start. Carrying deadly deer-hunting rifles on their shoulders they marched out to Camp Curtin fully prepared to do battle from the word go. Few of them wore coats. They wore red shirts, dark trousers, high boots and light colored slouch hats, one side pinned up and fastened with a bucktail, the emblem that gained such wide renown in after years. On their shirt fronts were curious designs made of white buttons, and to this day in the backwoods lumber regions you will see men wearing shirts of a similar style, buttons and all. The old boys looked as if they had walked right out of a lumber camp and took the cars. There are not many of them left now, but those who live to hold reunions can well be proud to say that they belonged to the world-famous fighters."

From, *Democrat*

Smethport Pa

Date, *Aug 20. 1897*

introduced to the audience by W. A. Williams.

The Colonel regretted, on taking the stand, that his first appearance before an audience in Northwestern Pennsylvania was for the purpose of asking his hearers to go to war. He reviewed the thrilling scenes of the past few days, and indignantly denounced the action of the Confederate troops in inaugurating civil war, by firing upon Fort Sumter, and compelling the gallant Anderson to lower the flag of the Union. He then read the Proclamation of the President of the United States, calling upon the several States for Volunteers, to the aggregate number of 75,000; and also the correspondence between Gov. Curtin and himself, in which he was commissioned to raise a force of 100 Volunteers in the counties of McKean and Elk, for the purpose of assisting to maintain, unsullied, the honor and dignity of the Government. He believed that the organization of an effective force would be the best preventive of war; that the duty and safety of our citizens, without respect of party, lay in sustaining the

EARLY HISTORY OF THE



THE FIRST CALL.

From the McKean County Democrat, May 2, 1861.

The friends of the Union and Constitution of the United States, without distinction of party, are solicited to meet at the Court House, in Smethport, this evening, at the ringing of the bell, to consider the present state of the country and take action in relation to the same.

Col. Kane, of Philadelphia, will be present to address the audience.

W. A. Williams,
Byron D. Hamlin,
Wm. Ripley,
S. Sartwell,
H. B. King,
Willis Barrett,
D. R. Bennett,
G. W. Sartwell,
S. G. Curtis,
N. Medbury,
A. N. Taylor,
C. K. Sartwell,
B. F. Wright,
S. B. Sartwell,
M. A. Sprague,
J. Darling,

G. Corwin,
J. E. Blair,
P. Ford,
I. S. Gleason,
Lucius Rogers,
Warren Cowles,
P. E. Scull,
E. S. Mason,
J. C. Hamlin,
Frank, King,
Wm. Haskell,
Miles Irons,
Jno. R. Chadwick,
A. B. Armstrong,
J. B. Oviatt,
W. Y. McCoy.

Pursuant to the above call, a large number of the citizens of Smethport and vicinity assembled at the Court House on Thursday, the 18th ult. The meeting was called to order by P. Ford, Esq., who nominated Hon. B. D. Hamlin for chairman. On motion, J. E. Blair, S. C. Hyde, P. Ford, P. E. Scull, J. R. Chadwick, Henry Hamlin and A. N. Taylor were chosen vice presidents, and W. Cowles and C. K. Sartwell, secretaries.

W. A. Williams, Esq., being called upon, stated the object of the meeting in a few brief and patriotic words, and closed by moving the appointment of a committee of three to wait upon Col. Kane and invite him to address the assemblage. The Chair appointed W. A. Williams, W. Y. McCoy and Ghordis Corwin said committee.

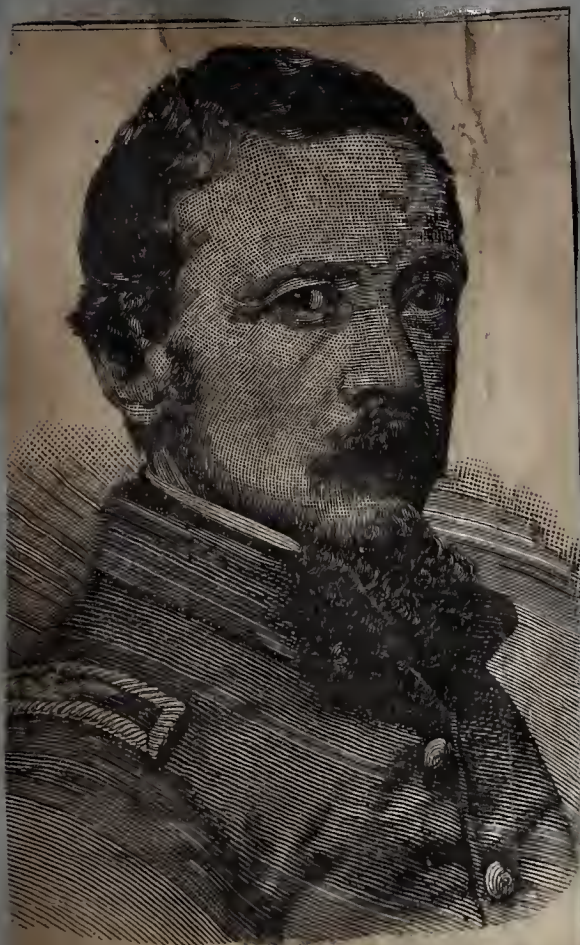
On the return of the committee, Col. Kane was

government; and confidently hoped that the united rally of the people, to sustain the Executive, would restore harmony and peace, and make us once more a happy and united people, without the shedding of fraternal blood.

His remarks were listened to with marked attention, and frequently elicited the hearty applause of the audience.

At the conclusion of Col. Kane's address, W. A. Williams, Esq., moved that a committee of three be appointed to draft resolutions expressive of the sense of the meeting. The Chair appointed W. A. Williams, S. Sartwell and W. Cowles said committee, who, after retiring for a few moments, presented the following, which were unanimously adopted:

1. Resolved, That "the Union must and shall be preserved," that the laws of our country ought to be enforced by the Chief Magistrate of the nation, so far as the power to do so has been conferred upon him by the Constitution.
2. Resolved, That whatever may have been our individual positions and opinions on questions of policy which have heretofore divided our people, we now present a solid front, and pledge ourselves to aid the government in the performance of its every constitutional obligation.
3. Resolved, That, while we deprecate and deplore the shedding by brother of brother's blood, we yet find it to be a necessity that we should by all lawful means prepare to defend ourselves, our families, our homes and our government as established by its founders.
4. Resolved, That while a difference of opinion may exist among us as to the tone of President Lincoln's recent Proclamation, we all agree that a prompt response should be made to that portion which calls for the furnishing of troops for the defense of our national capital, and the protection of the property of the government.
5. Resolved, That we earnestly recommend the active young men of our county to enlist in the service of the government for these purposes.
6. Resolved, That it is with sincere gratifica-



COL. CHARLES J. BIDDLE.

tion and pride we learn that Col. Thomas L. Kane has received orders for recruiting and organizing a company and is now here ready to receive volunteers.

7. Resolved, That we have the most unbounded confidence in the patriotism, gallantry and courage of Col. Kane, and most cordially recommend him as an officer who will lead his command only at the right time and in the right place.

8. Resolved, That Sheriff Blair, D. R. Bennett, Wm. Wilkins and Enoch Doley be constituted a committee to aid Col. Kane in the collection of the requisite number of men.

9. Resolved, That the president of this meeting be authorized and required to call another at an early day, to give forth expression of the popular determination to uphold and sustain the government of our country, as inherited from our fathers.

On motion, the proceedings of this meeting were ordered to be published in the county papers.

DEPARTURE OF THE BUCKTAILS.

From the McKean County Democrat, May 2, 1861.

SMETHPORT, Thursday Morning April 26.—Col. Kane came in yesterday afternoon. In the evening he administered the oath required by the government to those who had signed the muster roll. The following are the names of those who received the oath:

W. T. Blanchard,	Bradford township.
Ernest Wright,	" "
A. G. Foster,	" "
N. M. Curtis,	" "
C. B. Lawrence,	" "
Edward D. Curtis,	" "
Wm. Page,	" "
L. B. Prosser,	" "
A. D. Norcross,	" "
J. Wheeler,	" "
G. W. Hutchison,	" "
A. L. Buchanan,	" "

Tobias Cornelius,	" "
Martin Marrah,	" "
Dennis Case,	" "
J. K. Haffey,	" "
D. C. Brown,	" "
E. B. Semans,	" "
J. L. Wells,	" "
J. W. Cobbet,	" "
R. Ingalsby,	" "
B. Nichols,	Liberty
S. Peters,	Smethport.
J. Luhr,	" "
D. W. Brigham,	" "
S. G. Southwick,	" "
B. H. Freeman,	" "
D. V. Crossmire,	" "

L. S. Bard,	" "
A. Wolters,	" "
James Gague,	" "
J. B. Otto,	" "
O. J. Barker,	" "
John Hoag,	" "
P. G. Ellethorp,	" "
G. W. Briggs,	" "
E. W. Edson,	" "
Benj. F. Davis,	" "
R. F. Ward,	" "
G. A. Sisley,	Otto township.
A. J. Turpius,	Eldred township.
J. Landrigan,	" "
Harrison Campbell,	" "
Franklin Mix,	" "
Wm. Payne,	" "
Henry Magee,	Turtle Point.
C. D. Moser,	Ceres towuship.
Jacob Both,	" "
Charles Mulvaney,	" "
N. K. Burdick,	" "
H. C. Burnham,	" "
N. Nichols,	" "
Jacob Woodard,	" "
N. P. Foot,	" "
Cornelius Culp,	" "
Frank Bell,	" "
B. B. Rice,	" "
J. M. Wood,	" "
Henry Hadley,	" "
B. A. Treat,	" "
Erastus Coruas,	" "
L. B. Danforth,	" "
John Hall,	" "
Patrick M. Clyne,	" "
F. Holley,	" "
O. O. Bacon,	" "
Ellison Door,	" "
Hero Blon,	" "
Wesley Bruly,	" "
John Hall, Jr.,	" "

Breakfast was taken at the Bennett House at 6 o'clock, and immediately after all assembled in the Court Room where the troops received their first military instructions, under Col. Kane. At 8 o'clock they were marched and filed in the street fronting the Bennett House. Col. Kane proposed three cheers for Byron D. Hamlin, the President of the first Union meeting which had been held in McKean county since the attempted dissolution of the Confederacy. Mr. Hamlin being called for came forward and addressed the troops as follows:

FELLOW CITIZENS:—You are about to part from us for, as we fondly hope, a brief period, to do duty in the ranks of the country. This is the first body of men ever collected in McKean county to perform military service. Our country never before called for your aid to fight her battles. You are of a people who love the pursuits of a peaceful and quiet life. Why have you now donned the habiliments of war, and prepared yourselves to make your fellow-countrymen bite the dust? The flag of our country has been assailed; the stars and stripes have been torn from their proud position and trampled under the feet of those who have been protected by them and whose duty it was, in turn to protect. The Capital of this free people, founded by and bearing the name of our immortal Washington, is threatened with violence by those who have enjoyed the fruits of his achievements. This has caused you to come forth and stand here to-day. Then shoulder your arms; go where duty calls; protect the homes, the liberties and all this goodly heritage, which is the common property of the thirty-four States which compose this government.

I need not say to you, that we shall carefully follow you in your movements. We feel a pride in you as the sons of McKean, and confidently believe our hopes in your patriotism and courage

will never be disappointed.

The gallant Colonel who leads you, I have known long and well; longer and better than any of you yet have done. You will soon know him better than I, for your relations with him will be of a more intimate kind. I can endorse him to you as being in every way worthy of your confidence. Stand by him; obey him, be true to him and the cause which you have espoused, and he, your friends at home, your country and your God will praise and reward you for it.

I should add one other word. Some of you may not be so fortunate as to have friends here to look after your business interests and correspondence. In the name of the people of the county, I tender to you a carte blanche and authorize you to draw upon any one of our citizens for attention to any interests or the care of any friends you may leave behind.

May heaven protect you and grant you a safe and speedy return to us, when we will meet you with outstretched arms and welcome you to our families and firesides.

Hon. N. B. Eldred, of Wayne county, being loudly called for came forward and delivered some words of encouragement and advice.

He said his health was so feeble he would not attempt to make a speech to them. He was now an old man and had lived through two wars. He had full confidence in the patriotism of those he saw before him. It was a painful duty they had to perform, but he knew they appreciated it and would do it well. The soldiers had more to fear from sickness and the contraction of bad habits and foul diseases than from the bullets of the enemy. He earnestly urged them to take care of their healths and habits, and hoped it would not be long before they would return to their homes and firesides, bringing with them the news of an honorable peace.

Three cheers were then proposed, by the citizens, for the McKean County Riflemen; three for Col. Kane, and three for the Stars and Stripes, which hung in front of the hotel. All of which were given with a will.

Col. Kane then directed his Company to "stand at ease" and gave them an opportunity to receive the adieus and congratulations of their friends. This occupied some fifteen minutes. During the time many a tear dropped from the eyes of those present, and all began to realize the sad scenes which war brings upon a people. About 9 o'clock the order was given, "forward march!" when our fellow-citizens departed from us for the scenes of strife. Their route is to the Sunbury & Erie Railroad, via Shippen.

ACCIDENTALLY KILLED.

The first member of the Bucktail regiment to die from a gun-shot wound that we have record of was George W. Mattison, of Cameron county. From the McKean County Democrat of June 6, 1861, we find the following letter dated at Harrisburg, May 16, 1861, containing the account of Mattison's sad death, which is as follows:

"J. B. OVIATT:—The first gloom spread itself over our little band to-day in the accidental death of George W. Mattison, from Cameron county, caused by a man by the name of Miller from Potter county. Miller had his rifle loaded and took the lock off to oil it, leaving the cap on the tube, and in replacing the lock he hit the hammer and the gun exploded; the ball passed close to Seneca Minard's head and struck Mr. Mattison on the right side of the head, a little above the temple, causing instantaneous death. A post-mortem examination resulted in the discharge of Miller from any intention on his part, but he was censured for gross carelessness. The accident occurred about half-past seven this morning; very soon after the reveille was beat. The funeral was appointed to take place at two o'clock P. M., but owing to the time it took to get the company formed in their proper order it was nearly three o'clock before the procession was in marching order, and at that time no one had seen George, except the guard and undertaker, from the time he was taken to the dead house. By the politeness of the surgeon, J. A. Eldred, Col. Kane, Brewster Minard, Wm. Jenkins and myself were permitted to go in and see him, as he lay in his soldier coffin, which was then shut from the eyes of man and placed in the hearse, and the four companies from Potter, McKean, Elk and Cameron followed his body to a cemetery distant about three miles from Camp Curtin. The procession was headed by Col. Kane, and after him followed over three hundred Wild

Cats, as we are called, volunteers. Directly ahead of the companies was the Milton brass band and the muffled drums from camp, playing the 'Burial of Sir John Moore.' It was a solemn tramp for us. Arriving at the grave Col. Kane took the head and left, and J. A. Eldred the foot; when the body was lowered to its resting place the officers of the regiment circled round and each threw a handful of earth on the remains, when our fellow-soldier, J. K. Haffey, read a chapter from the Book of books, made an excellent prayer and closed with the benediction, then after hearing 'Hail Columbia,' the last farewell shots were fired over his grave, consisting of three rounds of shots and three rolls of the drum; we then resumed our mournful march back to camp. J. K. Haffey gave us a good lecture this evening. A meeting was called for the purpose of more fully expressing our feelings, John A. Eldred in the chair. After listening to appropriate remarks the following resolutions were adopted:

"Resolved, That in the untimely death of our comrade, Geo. W. Mattison, we have to deplore the loss of a steadfast friend, an honest man, a soldier gallant, faithful and true. He would have faced death nobly in the field of honor, and wherever the fortunes of war may send ourselves, we shall ever remember him as one who met death in the discharge of duty to his commonwealth and country.

"Resolved, That this resolution be published in the Harrisburg papers and Cameron Citizen, and on motion of B. F. Davis, that a copy be sent to the Democrat and Miner.

Respect. Yours,
B. F. DAVIS."

COL. THOMAS L. KANE.

We yesterday announced in brief terms the organization of the regiment of which Thomas L. Kane is Colonel. At the time when the whole North was summoned to the defence of the Government after the fall of Fort Sumter, Col. Kane was residing in the wilds of McKean county, where he had made every preparation to effect a permanent settlement in that comparatively wilderness region. His plans of operation were already determined upon. The material was on the ground for the erection of his house. The present summer was to witness many marked improvements—coal mines were to be opened—lands cleared—fields to be put under cultivation, cattle and sheep to be raised, and other great advances made towards the improvement of his estate. But at the call of his country, Col. Kane abandoned all these cherished plans, and rallying around him the hardy backwoodsmen of that region, he offered their services to the Governor and was among the first if not the very first, to be accepted under the requisition of the President. Since their arrival in Harrisburg, his command has been subjected to the most annoying and discouraging delays, so that all his energy was required to keep them together. At last, however, they have been organized into a regiment, with other companies from neighboring counties. This regiment is to be known as the Rifle Regiment, as most of the men are skilled in the use of that weapon.

Col. Kane is the son of the late Judge Kane, and brother of Dr. Kane, the great Arctic explorer, whose fame is world-wide, and is largely endowed with that spirit of adventurous chivalry so characteristic of the family. The regiment has been equally fortunate in the selection of Major Charles Biddle, of Philadelphia, who signalized himself in the Mexican war, as Lieutenant-Colonel. With such officers and men the Rifle Regiment may be expected to do gallant service for the Union, should the fitting opportunity be offered.—Harrisburg Patriot and Union, June, 1861.

ORGANIZATION OF THE RIFLE REGIMENT.

Yesterday the Rifle Regiment of the Pennsylvania Reserve Volunteers was formed at Camp Curtin, by the election of Thomas L. Kane as Colonel, Chas. J. Biddle as Lieutenant-Colonel and Roy Stone as Major. This regiment is composed of sharpshooters of the Wild-Cat district, who know the use of the rifle. Of the officers, it is scarcely necessary for us to speak. Col. Kane will prove himself among the best in the service. Col. Biddle has had experience in Mexico, where he fought gallantly, and Roy Stone will unquestionably make an excellent Major, judging from his looks, and without inquiring into his antecedents. Let the enemy look out for the mountaineers in the Rifle Regiment.—Harrisburg Pa

triot and Union, June, 1861.

NOTES FROM THE DEMOCRAT.

—Dr. S. D. Freeman, of this borough, has received the appointment of surgeon and is attached to Col. Kane's regiment. This is a snug berth for the Doctor, the salary being \$2,500 per annum.—June 20, 1861.

—Our friend L. W. Gifford has been promoted to the captaincy of the Cameron Rifles, in place of John Eldred, whose health failed. Cap. Gifford is an efficient officer, and his promotion is deserved.—Sept. 7, 1861.

—Col. Thomas L. Kane, who received the appointment of Colonel in the Bucktail rifles, has resigned in favor of Col. Chas. Biddle, who has been in active service. Col. K. has few superiors as a cavalry officer, while of the infantry drill he comparatively knows nothing, hence being actuated solely for the efficiency of the regiment, he exchanged places with Col. Biddle, and now holds an inferior office, that of Lieut. Colonel, in the regiment.—June 20, 1861.

—J. K. Haffey visited this county a few days ago, on recruiting service: Col. Kane's regiment being required to fill up the companies to one hundred and one each before entering the service of the United States. He left Bradford, Monday, the 12th inst., with nearly fifty volunteers. Among the number was Rev. C. R. Cornforth, pastor of the Baptist church of this place. A large number of our citizens accompanied the boys as far as Bradford; on Saturday evening Hazard Hall was filled to overflowing, and addresses were delivered by various persons. On Sunday Rev. Cornforth preached at the Union church, Littleton, his subject was the present war, in which he labored to show that war was not opposed to Christianity, as taught in the New Testament. His success may be judged by those familiar with his sacred teachings. Our friend E. S. Mason was detailed to take charge of the volunteers as far as Harrisburg.—Aug. 22, 1861.

HOW THE REGIMENT GOT ITS NAME.

It was in Smethport that the Regiment, which did such heroic work during the period of time between 1861-5, got its name. Captain Blanchard in giving the history of this interesting event in Bradford in 1888, said that Col. Kane thought the boys should have some insignia to distinguish them and suggested a coon skin worn on the hat. Captain Blanchard knew they could not get enough coon skins, so a squirrel tail was suggested, but Col. Kane thought it was too small for the purpose. Captain Blanchard, looking across the street, saw a deer's skin hanging in front of a building, and asked, "How would a deer's tail suit?" Col. Kane jumped about two feet, says Capt. Blanchard, and shouted, "that's it, Bucktails," and Bucktails they are to this day.

About 100 men assembled at Sinnemahoning, where they built rafts, and two days later the entire force of three hundred and fifteen men embarked on the rafts, which were provided with hickory poles for flag-staffs which were draped with bucktails and mounted with the stars and stripes. At Lock Haven a telegram from Harrisburg was awaiting the volunteers directing them to return to their respective homes, but through the connivance of General Jackman, of the militia, the message was not delivered. Floating down the Susquehanna, the men reached Harrisburg in due season, and after suffering many hardships their services were finally accepted by the Governor, and the Bucktails were mustered in to date from May 15, 1861, as the Rifle Regiment, or Thirtieth Pennsylvania Reserves.

The following companies comprised the Regiment:

Company A, Captain Philip Holland, Tioga county.

Company B, Captain Langhorne Wistar, Perry county.

Company C, Captain John Eldred, Elk and

Cameron counties.

Company D, Captain Roy Stone.

Company E, Captain A. E. Niles, Tioga county.

Company F, Captain Dennis McGhee, Carbon county.

Company G, Captain Hugh McDonnell, Tioga and Elk counties.

Company H, Captain Charles Frederick Taylor, Chester county.

Company I, Captain William T. Blanchard, McKean county.

Company K, Captain E. A. Irvin, Clearfield county.

From, *Democrat*

Smethport Pa

Date, *Oct 29. 1897*

Nov 5. 1897

EARLY HISTORY OF M'KEAN COUNTY

Historical Events as Compiled From the McKean County Democrat, 1859-65.

[From the issues of the Democrat from Sept. 28, 1861, to June 6, 1863.]

At a convention held at Smethport on the 16th day of September a society was formed for the purpose of furnishing our volunteers with good, warm, woolen socks for the coming winter. The following persons were appointed officers for the central society, at Smethport: Mrs. P. Ford, President, Mrs. B. D. Hamlin, Vice President; Mrs. P. E. Scull, Treasurer; Mrs. Warren Cowles, Secretary; Mrs. Henry Hamlin, Corresponding Secretary.

We have heretofore neglected to notice the fact that A. N. Taylor is building himself a dwelling house on land recently owned and occupied by B. Freeman, in this village. We are gratified that Mr. T. has resolved upon this course at the present time, as the building will add to the appearance of our borough, as well as afford employment to a number of our citizens. Mr. A. B. Armstrong has also broken ground for the erection of a store building on ground adjoining the Bennett House.

This week completes volume III of Democrat. In consequence of the stagnation in business we have been compelled to be irregular in its publication, and for the same reason shall be compelled to suspend its publication for a short time. We shall probably again commence its publication about the first of January next. In the meantime, we ask our patrons to settle their accounts with us. We do not expect much money, but will take grain of all kinds, county orders, or anything else you may have to spare.

The following last call for volunteers appeared in the Democrat of Oct. 5, 1861, signed by John C. Backus, Hon. S. Holmes and S. B. Sartwell, Recruiting Sergeants: "Men, citizens, countrymen, come out. Your country has well and nobly cared for you, and now in her hour of need she expects you will respond to her call. The United States will pay you while in her service, \$13 per month, clothe and victual you, and at the close of the war 160

acres of land. The old Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, in addition, has provided for you. First. To each man at the close of the war, a bounty of \$100. Second. That the commissioners of each county, shall on application, provide for the wants of all families of volunteers. Third. That no civil process whatever shall issue against any volunteer, or his property until sixty days after his return from the war. Meetings for the purpose of enlisting volunteers will be held at the following places: Port Allegany, Wednesday, Oct. 9; Eldred, Thursday, Oct. 10; Ceres, Friday, Oct. 11; Norwich, Saturday, Oct. 12; Bradford, Tuesday, Oct. 15; Limestone, N. Y., Wednesday, Oct. 16; Farmers Valley, Friday, Oct. 18; Smethport, Saturday, Oct. 19, and will be addressed by W. A. Williams, Hon. B. D. Hamlin and others."

We are entirely destitute of news, having received no Eastern mail for a week past. There will probably be no thorough mail for several days to come, as the roads are nearly all rendered impassible by the flood. So states the Democrat of Oct. 5, 1861.

We would not recommend that creditors enforce their claims by due course of law, at this time, if they can avoid it, but those who will, or must "sue," can be furnished with "letters greeting," by A. B. Armstrong, Esq., who has received his commission as J. P. and is qualified to discharge all and singular of its duties.

In 1862 James E. Blair was mercantile appraiser in McKean county. The mercantile list as published in the Democrat at that time showed that there were 8 business places in the entire county subject to mercantile tax. They were as follows: A. N. Taylor, Henry Hamlin, Orlo J. Hamlin, W. S. Brownell, Smethport; Gabriel S. Smith, Bradford; C. S. Cleveland & Son, Smith & Barber, Ceres; L. H. Dolley, Liberty.

At the Democratic State convention in 1862, Hon. S. A. Backus, of this borough, received a respectable vote for Surveyor General.

Married at Port Allegany, July 2, by Rev. C. Cornforth, of Smethport, Mr. Frank M. Coleman and Miss Angelina Holmes, both of the former place.

Died in Keating township, on Sunday, June 29, 1862, Jerusha B., wife of H. B. King, in the 50th year of her age.

R. G. White, S. A. Backus and Samuel C. Hyde, commissioners, have the following notice in the Democrat of August 23, 1862: "The commissioners mentioned in the Act of Incorporation, incorporating the Coudersport, Portage and Allegany River Railroad Company, will open books for subscriptions to the stock of said company at the Bennett House, in Smethport, on Thursday the 18th day of September, A. D. 1862, at 3 o'clock P. M. of said day."

On August 30, 1862, the Democrat published the following list of volunteers from this county under Captain Bell: David A. More, Joseph P. Cline, E. W. Leonard, Charles Carr, Putnam Barber, B. A. Treat, Robert Graham, Ceres; Colby Tupper, Oscar Moody, Wm. Brown, Thos. Good, Willard Cummings, Eldred; Wm. J. Mills, Melville Baldwin, J. M. Baldwin, Wm. T. Strickland, Geo. D. Strickland, Thos. Yardley, Cyrus W. Baldwin, Silas A. Devolve, M. S. York, W. S. York, Welcome Welsh, John Swink, Jr., Delos Otto, Otto; Jeffrey Kinney, Henry N. Kinney, Levi Holcomb, Lorenzo Hodges, Levi P. Holcomb, Wilson W. Tubbs, J. Hodges, D. C. Winship, J. B. Gleason, Wesley Merrick, Oscar Pilgrim, Annin; C. Dickinson, W. J. Holmes, S. L. Provin, Cyrus Tubbs, Asher Beckwith, Geo. T. Otto, Miles Lovejoy,

J. E. Tyler, Herman Young, C. B. Stochamb, J. D. Bell, Joseph B. Otto, W. Brockham, John Mead, Keating; J. M. Robinson, W. H. Baker, Smethport; T. J. Colegrove, H. L. Burlingame, Daniel Beckwith, Hamlin; Oscar Thomas, Elias Grimes, Liberty, R. B. Warner, Buckley D. Collins, Melvin Collins, Delos Taggart, J. L. Beers, Luther F. Havens, Harrison Havens, George Loomis, Stephen Seymour, L. Adams, Cameron county.

Nathan F. Tyler, of Keating township, while returning home on Saturday evening, Aug. 30, 1862, driving a span of colts, came to a sad and untimely death. It is supposed that the colts became frightened and unmanageable and running threw Tyler from the buggy, striking the ground with such force as to cause a wound in the forehead from which he died. A coroner's inquest was held upon the body and a verdict rendered in accordance with the above statement. The deceased was about 28 years of age, and was the son of the widow Tyler, of Farmers Valley.

The Democrat of Jan. 31, 1863, says: One night last week a descent was made upon the house of John Grimes, in Liberty township, by U. S. officers, for the purpose of haggling a party of deserters who were concealed in the house. The entrance was disputed by Mrs. Grimes, until those in the house had time to make their escape from a back window; at length the door was forced and the party got within the house and face to face with Mrs. Grimes, whereupon a spirited skirmish ensued, in which the defending party was severely handled. Failing in their object they withdrew; subsequently a deserter by the name of McIntosh was arrested and taken to Port Allegany, but succeeded in making his escape during the night.

A Mr. Ostrander, who lives near the Potter county line, on Sartwell creek, in attempting to reach his home from Port Allegany, last week, says the Democrat of Feb. 21, 1863, lost his way in passing from Lillihridge creek to Sartwell creek, and was frozen to death. He leaves a wife and several children.

The Democrat of June 6, 1863, says: Our old friend L. Rogers has returned from the war, and is about to resume the publication of the Miner. We are pleased that an opposition paper has again been started. Mr. R. has our best wishes for personal success; while the Democrat will neutralize the evil effects upon the community occasioned by the false teachings of the Miner.

EARLY HISTORY OF M'KEAN COUNTY.

Historical Events as Compiled From the McKean County Democrat, 1859-65.

[From the issues of the Democrat from June 6, 1863, to February 25, 1865]

J. R. Jones, Colonel of the 58th Regiment, was killed in an engagement with the rebels recently. Capt. C. C. Moses was slightly wounded in the same engagement.

Brig Gen. Kane arrived in town on Wednesday last, June 10. The general shows the effects of hard service in defense of his country, being still lame from the effects of a wound received at Harrisonburg, nearly a year ago. He also appears ill from exposure and worn down physically; but the indomitable energy of his mind is not in the least diminished. It will be recollected that Gen. Kane was among the first to rush to arms on the fall of Sumter, and has been continually in the field, until the present moment. Few have seen as much severe service as he. We welcome the war-worn

hero to our county, and trust the invigorating air and pure water may speedily restore his shattered health.

E. B. Dolley, of Port Allegany, has issued invitation cards for an Independence hall on Friday July 3d, at his well-known house. The only inconvenience heretofore experienced has been the want of a snitable dance hall. This is now obviated as Mr. Dolley has erected a large hall connected with his hotel. There will be nothing lacking in making the coming festival all that the pleasure seekers can wish.

Judge Holmes has received the appointment of Assistant Provost Marshal, and has appointed his enrolling officers, who are taking the names of those liable to military duty within the county. We hear of no resistance to the officers; nor do we apprehend any. The people of McKean county are loyal, law abiding people.

The following is the list of McKean county men, who were drafted in August, 1863: Keating township and Smethport borough, John C. Barrett, John C. Hamlin, Robert King, Daniel Acre, Frank Richmond, Jeremiah McCarty, Wm. H. Baker, Callahan McCarty, Niles Robins, Henry Bishop, Charles Crossmire, Charles McCoy, Walter Evans, Henry Plummer, Asa O. Cory, Hiram Stickles, John Burns, Otis Irons, A. N. Smith, Philip Frishee, Lyman Martin, John McArdle, Isaac Duntley, Joel R. Townsend, Matthias Otto, Aaron Acre, Stephen Irons, Wm Stanton, James Daly, Ceres, Kenway Bell, G. B. Both, Lawrence Shields, Wm. Gohles, James Atwell, Thomas Lynch, N. P. Dedrick, A. P. Young, A. J. Haywood, John Welsh, M. Parshall, John Clark, James Gahles, Renhen Carter, G. N. North Annin, Uriah Phelps, C. L. Holcomb, Levi Bishop, Levi A. Gleason, J. B. Gleason, Elijah Howard, Noah Wilcox, Tyler Cogsdale, Wm. Splain, Riley S. Dexter, F. S. Sherwood, Frank Taylor, Peter Clark, James Upthegrove, Dennis Lane, Liherty, Nathan Hultz, Corydon Wicks, Izetus Dolley, Hiram Baker, Thomas McDowell, Philip Brady, Wm. W. Wilkins, Peter Pettis, James Robinson, Geo. Salishury, Ezra McIntosh, W. A. Wright, Edmund Corser, Alfred M. Holden, Michael Dehn, Wm. Stanton, Richmond Grinnels, Silas R. Seamons, George C. Barrett, Wm. Clark, John R. Wilkins, Thomas Jones, Albert M. Fitch, Elias Grimes, George Fredericks, Asa H. Barnaby, B. G. Stone, Jr., Joel L. Rogers, Delos Burrows, Norwich, A. C. Goodwin, G. A. Brndick, Wm. Dickinson, Andrus L. Riffe, L. Sanford, Hatton Horner, Eldred, D. H. Burnham, Alex Muggitt, Hyde C. Rice, S. G. Lamphear, John H. Canfield, Randall Hood, David R. Stull, Wm. D. Lamphear, Jabez J. Rice, J. J. Cook, Charles M. Zimmer, Melvin F. Keyes, Wm. Brooder, Lewis J. Wright, Wilson Cooper, Thomas Gill, Gilbert M. Moody, Wm. Drake, James M. Childs, Otto, Morris B. Smith, Hiram Moore, Joseph Ellis, John P. Smith, William A. Prentiss, James W. Mills, Ivan N. Stanchfield. Sergeant, John Hiteman, James Fox, Thomas Tillason, Hugh McClaughlin, Joseph Dull, Jonathan Barnes, James Murphy, Daniel A. Eastbrook, Casper B. Criswell, John Gillingham, James Golden, Michael Kearnan, Bishop Lucas, Bradford, John Robinson, A. J. Hammond, Joseph DeGulier, Dexter Moore, Edwin F. Clark, Aug. W. Newell, Wallace Campbell, David Frazer, Ang. C. Snyder, Chauncey Snyder, Robert L. Thompson, Seaman W. Snyder, Pat Lynch, Daniel Marsh, Geo. Potter, George Richardson, Warren Olds, Dr. F. D. Finlay, James D. Mattison, E. V. Dikeman, Wm. Wilson, Wm. Crooks, Spencer Thibbets, James White, Wallace Boss, Corydon, Henry Fogles,

James Davidson, Jonathan H. Smith, Leayette, Orlando Hagadorn, George Hagadorn, Hamlin, Alonzo Field, Rufus H. Lucore, J. C. Porterfield, Thomas Callar, Erskin King Hamilton and Wetmore, Charles Riley, Wm Kinney, John Gano, George Annis, Michael Dnrgan, John Sheans, Edward Swaney. Conscripits can report, for examinations, at Waterford, Erie county, on or before September 30. Transportation, from the nearest railroad station, will be given with their notice.

Last night, August 28, gentlemen returned from Waterford bringing the list of drafted men in McKean and Cameron counties, which we publish. Several of those hit had a big time last evening in celebrating the happy event.

The Republican county ticket in 1863 was as follows: Prothonotary, J. R. Chadwick; Sheriff, A. N. Lillibridge; Recorder, W. W. Brown; County Commissioners, B. C. Corwin, J. M. Baldwin; Auditors, John H. Duntley, A. S. Swift; Coroner, James Bond, Jr.

The Democratic county ticket in 1863 was as follows: Sheriff, Geo. R. Moore; Prothonotary, J. B. Oviatt; Commissioners, G. B. Gillette, J. A. Anderson; Recorder, Geo. W. Sartwell; Coroner, L. R. Wisner; District Attorney, Jno. C. Backus. The entire Republican ticket was elected.

Died at his home in Keating township on November 23, 1863, Gideon Irons, aged 66 years.

Mr W. Haskell had his leg broken by being overturned in his sleigh, on New Year's day, 1864.

By the giving way of the upper bridge across the Allegany river, at Port Allegany, four persons were hurled to a watery grave. On Monday, April 11, 1864, as James K. Moore and family, together with some neighbors, were crossing the bridge, on their way to attend the funeral of a daughter of his brother, George R. Moore, the main span gave way, precipitating the wagon and its occupants—ten persons in all—into the swollen river. A son of Mr. Moore, who was walking, also went down with the bridge. The grown persons and some of the children were saved, but four of the children, of whom three were Mr. Moore's, were drowned. The other child was a daughter of Mr. Frank Smith. A daily search for the recovery of the bodies was made, and the last one was found yesterday, when they were all consigned to one grave. Mr. Moore, although injured by the falling timbers, made superhuman efforts and succeeded in recovering several persons. Mrs. Smith clung to one child as long as she could support herself, but was obliged to relinquish it to save herself. Two of the children were hurt by the timbers of the bridge, and sank before anyone could reach them. Mr. Frank Smith, one of the hereaved parents, was indefatigable in searching for the lost children, being there first in the morning, and leaving last at night, and when his own child was found he carried it home, returning again to search until the last victim had been found. The bridge was built by the county and has long been unsafe for travel and should have been rebuilt years ago. The authorities should be held criminally liable in allowing it to stand at the risk of the lives of those who crossed.

The Atlantic & Great Western R. R. have a corps of engineers surveying the route for a railroad from Salamanca up the Allegany river. They have progressed as far as Larahee. We understand it is the intention of that company to build an independent line from their road at Salamanca to New York, on a shorter line than

the N. Y. & Erie, which they now use, says the Democrat of May 7, 1864

The act recently passed by the Legislature, dividing the State into Senatorial and Representative districts, and apportioning the members, places the certain control of both branches of the Legislature, for the next ten years, overwhelmingly in the hands of the Republicans. It is a sad thought to contemplate the degrading effect of ten years of Republican rule on our good old commonwealth. In the 13th Senatorial district, Clinton county is substituted for Warren, and is now composed of the counties of Potter, Tioga, McKean and Clinton. The Representative district is composed of the counties of Clinton, Cameron and McKean.

A son of Bishop Lucas accidentally shot himself on Thursday, Sept. 15, 1864. He went to the woods in the morning, soon after his gun, from some cause, was discharged, the contents entering his left side near the heart. Not coming home as soon as expected search was made. When found he was quite dead, although having proceeded some distance toward home after receiving the fatal wound.

Married at Port Allegany, Sept. 26, 1864, by Rev. C. Cornforth, Mr. Thomas McDowell and Miss Theresa Holmes, both of Port Allegany.

present civilization, the progress that from remote times has been made, and even the extent and change of boundaries of great empires. He has no doubt carefully read and perhaps studied the historical accounts, traditions and even fables of ancient Greece and Rome, and in such leisure time as he may have had tried to make himself conversant with the leading events and topics of the present day.

To the members of our order the history of the Egyptians, the Chaldeans, the Assyrians, the Persians and the Israelites are peculiarly interesting, connected as they all are with the origin and legends of our fraternity.

But how many of us in the active labors and bustling incidents that encompass every American engaged in business or professional life, have ever paused to inquire into that which has always surrounded us; to learn more about our own State, than that it was founded by William Penn; to find out its former boundaries and first settlers, or to interest ourselves regarding the divisions of our own county, its former boundaries, its history, or the changes it has passed through since first its hardy pioneers commenced to fall and clear away its unbroken forests.

The principal object of this paper is to place before you in their regular order the number and extent of the original townships of the county, and to explain how and when the present townships were formed. In so doing it will not be out of place to briefly review some of the leading incidents regarding the formation of both the State and county.

Early in the seventeenth century the Dutch claimed by right of discovery the whole of the Atlantic coast from New England to Virginia. They built a fort on Manhattan Island and named that place New Amsterdam, and the country now occupied by eastern New York, New Jersey, Delaware and eastern Pennsylvania, New Netherlands.

They had extended their settlements up the Hudson river as far as Albany, where they built a fort and started a town, naming it Orange. They, sending their traders along the Delaware and finding their business profitable, had established various trading posts on the river, but made no effort to plant colonies for the cultivation of the soil, but confined their efforts to the exchange of commodities with the native Indians.

The first real settlement on Pennsylvania soil was made by the Swedes in 1638 on the Delaware, near what is now the city of Chester. They becoming prosperous aroused the jealousy of the Dutch at New Amsterdam, who after

From, *Miner*

Smithport Pa

Date, *April 1. 1898*

**ADDRESS BY SHERIDAN GORTON ON
THE EARLY HISTORY OF
M'KEAN COUNTY.**

The following interesting historical facts relating to the early history of our county were prepared by Mr. Sheridan Gorton, who devoted a great deal of time in compiling the same, and was delivered by the author at the Masonic hall in this place last Wednesday. Preserve this paper as it contains valuable information for future generations:

Every man of intelligence, who has a wish to keep in touch with the people of the present day, and to know something of the past, has sought information regarding the great events of history, the rise and fall of great nations, the origin and growth of our

repeated acts of hostility sent in 1655 an armed force to the Delaware, subjected the Swedish settlers and attached their country to the New Netherlands.

In 1664 England claimed the entire country called New Netherlands by virtue of discovery prior to that by the Dutch, and enforced their claim by sending an army to New Amsterdam and demanding its surrender. Governor Stuyvesant, being powerless, was forced to surrender without a struggle. Previous to the sending of this force, King Charles II had granted a charter to the Duke of York covering all the lands between the Delaware and Hudson rivers, which would embrace all of New Jersey. Upon the surrender of Stuyvesant the English changed the name of the province to New York and the name of Fort Orange to Albany.

The English held possession of the province till 1672 when it was recaptured by the Dutch, including the Swedish settlements on the west side of the Delaware. The Dutch, however, remained in possession but a short time, as the same year it was restored to England and remained in their possession till the war of the Revolution.

Chester was at that time, and at the time of Penn's coming, quite a town, and flourishing settlements had been established down the river into what is now the State of Delaware. Southeastern Pennsylvania was not at the time of Penn a wilderness, but possessed of a considerable population whose farms extended some way back from the river.

In 1681 the charter of Pennsylvania was granted by Charles II to William Penn, and he formally took possession very soon afterwards by sending his cousin, William Markham, with three ship loads of settlers. Penn, however, did not arrive till August, 1682, when on the ship *Welcome*, accompanied by one hundred planters, he crossed the Atlantic and first landed at Chester. He soon after went to Philadelphia where he established his residence and the seat of the Proprietary government. Pennsylvania, about this time, including the original grant and others received by Penn, embraced all of what is now the State of Delaware, Delaware not being entirely separated from Pennsylvania till 1776.

We all know that Penn did not undertake to wrest from them, by force, the lands of the Indians, but started in by purchasing large tracts. The first purchase was made in 1682. This policy was followed by the Proprietary Governors after Penn, and even by

the Commonwealth after the Revolution.

Previous to 1736 but a very small portion of the territory was held by such purchase, and although a considerable purchase was made in that year, until 1749 not one-sixth of Pennsylvania was held by such title.

Additional purchases were made in 1749, 1758, 1768 and 1784. The last purchase was made covering nearly one-third of the State and extending from the Ohio river on the southwest to Lake Erie on the northwest and as far along the State line east to the Susquehanna river where it crosses the line near the center of Bradford county, embracing McKean county and portions if not the whole of twenty-two other of the present counties of the State.

In 1804 McKean county was formed from Lycoming county under the following description: Beginning at the southeast corner of Warren county (Warren county having been formed in 1800 out of Lycoming and Allegheny); thence east along the line of Jefferson county to the northeast corner thereof; thence south along the line of Jefferson county fifteen miles; thence east twenty-two miles; thence north to the State line; thence west along the State line to the northeast corner of Warren county; thence south along the line of Warren county to the place of beginning. It was also provided in the act forming the county that the place for holding the courts of justice in and for said county should be fixed by the legislature at a distance not greater than seven miles from the center of the county. The act also provided for the appointment of trustees.

Not having reference to any maps of that early date, and the same act of assembly forming the counties of Jefferson, Clearfield, Potter, Tioga and Cameron, it is impossible for me to state the then boundaries by any known points of the present day, but one can be sure that this county then embraced nearly all of the present county of Cameron and a considerable portion of the county of Elk. That the settlers did not know the exact boundaries is evident from an act passed in 1814 designating the Allegheny river as a part of the boundary between McKean and Warren counties. This boundary was changed to its present line by act of 1844.

By the act of 1804 the counties of McKean and Clearfield were attached to the county of Centre and the courts were held in Bellefonte.

By act of March 14th, 1805 the power and authority of the commissioners

and county officers of Centre county were extended to what was then called the County District of McKean.

On December 13th, 1805, Gov. McKean appointed John Brevost, John Bell and Thomas Smith trustees of the new county. In May, 1806, the trustees posted a notice at Ceres that they were ready to receive proposals for the county town, offers having been made by Paul Busti, agent of the Holland Land Co., and by John Keating. The offer of John Keating which was accepted in September, 1807, was 228 acres at the forks of the Nunundah, one half of the lots surveyed, 100 acres for the support of a school teacher and \$500 cash to aid in erecting a school building. John Keating and the trustees visited the location before the time of its acceptance.

By act of March 4th, 1807, it was provided "That the seat of justice for the County District of McKean shall be, and the same is hereby established and confirmed at the town of Smiths port in the county of McKean." This act also provided that the trustees of the county should receive from John Keating one half of the town lots and two public squares in said town, one for the county buildings and the other for the use of an academy or public school, also 150 acres of land to be appropriated to the use of the academy or public school. This arrangement was made and the conveyances duly delivered. The mistake made by the Keating surveyor, Francis King, in locating the town partly on the Bingham lands and the difficulties that arose therefrom are matters that we cannot dwell upon. The dispute was finally arranged between the Keating and Bingham estates to the satisfaction of all parties.

The town of Smethport was surveyed in 1807 and laid out on the north side of Marvin creek, in nearly its present form, by Francis King, surveyor for John Keating, King then living at Ceres where he had settled about 1800. The following appears in the handwriting of Francis King, in a book in possession of Hon. B. D. Hamlin, regarding the survey of Smethport: "Running of the town lots of Smethport, etc. Twenty fourth of the eighth month, 1807, left home to go to Smethport and loaded at the mouth of our creek; 25th, continued up the river and lodged at the mouth of Potato creek; 26th, camped near the forks of the creek; 27th, still raining, went up the small branch and built a camp; 28th, finished camp and moved into it; 19th of the ninth month finished survey of the town."

In 1814 the counties of Potter and

McKean were provisionally organized and placed under the jurisdiction of the Lycoming county courts, in which county the courts were held till 1826. McKean county was authorized to elect two county commissioners and Potter county one. In 1822 an act was passed requiring the commissioners of the provisional counties of Potter and McKean to clear from all timber and brush so much of the sites of the courts of justice as they may deem expedient nor to exceed thirty acres each, the moneys expended therefor to be paid out of the county funds.

In 1824 these two counties were entirely separated from all other county districts, and from each other except as to the place for holding courts. In 1827 the mason work of the court house in Smethport was accepted and the first court was held in Smethport in 1826. It is my opinion that the courts of Potter county were held here till the completion of the court house at Coudersport in 1835, though of this fact I am not certain.

In the latter part of the last century the first road was laid out between Pine creek and the Oswayo, and in 1801 Francis King speaks of finding a line blazed for a road between the head waters of Pine creek and the head of the Allegheny in 1797.

The first settler in the county on the Allegheny was Philip Tome, who settled in what is now Corydon township, Warren county in 1808. In connection with the settlement by Philip Tome it might not be out of place to relate the conversation that I had with his son Philip who was born shortly after, and who died at an advanced age about two years ago. In relating the circumstances of his father's coming to this county, he said: "My father and mother with two small children came on horseback from Jersey Shore to Canoe Place (now Port Allegany) in 1808, bringing on the backs of pack horses such goods and effects as they brought with them. There he built a canoe out of a pine tree, put his family and his goods into it and started down the river. The first night they stopped at Olean Point where they found a log house occupied by a man, living there alone, who made canoes and kept them for sale and hire.

The next day continuing down the river, when below where Salamanca now is, an Indian appeared upon the bank and beckoned to them to come ashore. He was a large, powerful man and my mother was terrified. My father, however paddled the canoe ashore where the Indian stood, who in broken English greeted them with 'How de do? Got a nice papoose; me

"papoose, too. Where go?" At these words my mother's fear left her and ever afterwards she had no fear of the Indians, but on the contrary was always very friendly with them and very much interested in their ways."

The county was developed very slowly. With the exception of the opening of two or three coal mines but little except lumbering was done till the discovery of oil. Agriculture until quite a recent date has received but little attention. A mine for the supply of blacksmith coal was opened at Clermont at quite an early date. I remember my stepfather telling me of coming in a sleigh from Cuba, N. Y., in his boyhood for a load of this coal. In 1810 the population of the county was 142 and Potter county had but 29. There were but two villages of any account, Ceres and Instanter. In a very few years Instanter was practically abandoned but Ceres still remains.

In 1820 there were only 728 persons in the county and in 1830 the population had only reached 1,429. We can therefore safely infer that in 1824 when this county was entirely separated from all others and took upon herself the entire burden of separate county existence there were within her bounds only about a thousand inhabitants in an area nearly one half as large again as her present extent. In the present age it would seem the height of folly for so few people to undertake such a task.

To show in what condition the county was as late as 1832, I copy the following from the Gazetteer: "It is everywhere hilly along the streams but nowhere mountainous, and abounds with coal, iron and salt; the first is found in every township, and works have been erected for manufacturing salt at the small village of Emporium, on a branch of the Sinnemahoning."

* * The only places that can claim the slightest pretention to be considered as towns are Smethport, Emporium and Ceres, neither of the two last contains six houses. * * * There is not a church in the county yet, an academy endowed by John Keating and others, and further receiving \$2,000 from the State, was incorporated on January 19th, 1829. There is in the town of Smethport a very substantial brick court house and a stone prison; there is also a newspaper published here. Lumber seeks the western market at Pittsburg by the Allegheny and the eastern markets by the Sinnemahoning creek."

Although spending considerable time with the help of Hon. B. D. Hamlin I have been unable to ascertain when and how the townships of Ceres and Sergeant

were organized, not having reference the records of Lycoming or Centre counties. The earliest record that we have is in a book marked "Roads, &c., Commenced in Lycoming County in 1816."

From a petition presented to the courts of Lycoming county in 1823 I find that previous to 1813 the whole of McKean county consisted of the two townships of Ceres and Sergeant; Ceres embracing nearly two-thirds of the present area of the county, being sixteen miles north and south and extending from the Potter county line to the Allegheny river, a distance of 38 miles, and Sergeant covering all the southern part of the county and embracing as well that portion taken off to form Elk and Cameron counties.

In 1813, as shown by the above petition, the court of Centre county divided Sergeant township into six townships, to-wit:—Ogden, which embraced all of the county lying between Ceres and Jefferson county, extending about a mile south from the present limits of the county and eastward to about one and one-half miles west of the present western boundary of Keating township; Sergeant, lying east of Ogden, extending south to the present limit of the county in its western part and eastward to about a mile east of the present village of Norwich Corners; Walker, lying east of Sergeant and extending to the Potter county line; Shippen, lying south of Walker and extending to the southern limits of the county as bounded in 1804; Cooper, lying south of Sergeant, and Burlington, lying south of Cooper. This shows that the present bounds of McKean county had at that time, 1813, the townships of Ceres, Ogden, Sergeant and Walker. The above boundaries were taken from a map made by the Surveyor General in 1817, a copy of which was kindly loaned me by Mr. Hamlin.

In 1817 the commissioners of Potter and McKean presented a petition to the court in Lycoming, stating that the townships of Ogden, Walker, Cooper and Burlington had no inhabitants, and asking that the townships of Ogden and Walker be attached to Sergeant and the townships of Cooper and Burlington be attached to Shippen, thus doing away with the townships of Walker and Ogden within the present bounds of this county and again leaving but the townships of Ceres and Sergeant, with the township of Shippen embracing nearly all that part of the county set off into Elk and Cameron.

In 1824 Ceres township was divided by a line running east and west eight miles south of the State line, the northern half retaining the name of Ceres and the southern half was named Keating. Keating township when formed extended from the Potter county line to the Allegheny river on the line between Warren and McKean, and south to its present southern boundary, embracing about half of what is now Annin, the greater part of Liberty, all of Lafayette, the greater part of Hamilton and the southern part of Corydon.

In 1828 Bradford township was taken from Ceres and extended from the Warren county line to about three miles west of the present eastern boundary of Foster. Two tiers of warrants on the east were added in 1838.

At the same sitting of the court in 1828 Liberty township was formed from the east end of Keating. In 1848 Liberty township was enlarged so as to embrace that portion of the township now lying east of Norwich township, and in 1860 a considerable portion was attached to Annin.

In 1829 Corydon township was taken from the west end of Bradford and in 1848 a portion of Hamilton was attached.

In 1834 Hamilton was taken from the west end of Keating; in 1848 a portion was attached to Corydon; in 1871 changes were made in its southern and eastern boundary, and in 1876 it was extended south to its present limits.

In 1835 Norwich was taken from the east end of Sergeant and embraced all of the obsolete township of Walker and extended west to its present limits. In 1848 a part was attached to Liberty.

In 1843 Lafayette township was taken from the west end of Keating and I believe has not been changed since that time.

In 1843 Eldred township was taken from Ceres. It then embraced the township of Otto. In 1857 a slight change was made in its eastern boundary.

In 1844 Hamlin township was taken from Sergeant, the eastern portion being the same as at present, but extending west to the Warren county line. That portion west of its present boundary was afterwards attached to Wetmore township and a part is now in Hamilton.

In 1853 Otto township was taken from Eldred and two warrants near the present village of Coleville were afterwards attached to Keating.

In 1856 Wetmore township was taken from Sergeant and Hamlin, and in 1872 was extended to its present limits.

In 1860 the township of Annin was formed from portions of Ceres and Liberty. There have since been several changes in the division line between Annin and Ceres.

In 1879 the township of Foster was formed out of a portion of Bradford township, this being the last township formed in the county.

The present townships of the county seem to have been organized in the following order: Ceres, Sergeant, Keating, Bradford, Liberty, Corydon, Hamilton, Norwich, Lafayette, Eldred, Hamlin, Otto, Wetmore, Annin and Foster.

The boroughs in the county were organized and chartered as follows:

Smethport, in 1853.

Bradford, in 1873.

Kendall, in March, 1878.

Duke Centre, in September, 1878.

Eldred, in 1880.

Port Allegany, in 1882.

Kane, in 1886.

Mt. Jewett, in 1893.

The borough of Duke Centre surrendered its charter and the borough of Kendall has been incorporated with the city of Bradford and the borough of Bradford, with considerable adjacent territory, has become the city of Bradford.

The county has at present fifteen townships, five boroughs and one city, and its present population is estimated at fifty thousand.

I have presented to you a brief outline of a subject in which I have been deeply interested. Whether the result of my inquiries has been in the minds of my hearers commensurate with the labor necessary for its compilation, I of course cannot determine, but to me it has been a pleasant and agreeable task, and I believe every resident of this county ought to be somewhat interested in a matter of this character.







